THE

FLORENCE MISCELLANY

Cur non, Mopſe, boni quoniam convenimus ambo,
Tu calamos inflare levis, ego dicere verſus,
Hic corulis mixtas inter conſidimus ulmos?

Virgil.

Nunc opus eſt leviore lyra.

Ovid.

FLORENCE MDCCLXXXV.

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WITH PERMISSION.

ADVERTISEMENT

Theſe Poems were written by the fol'owing perſons during their reſidence at FLORENCE

M.RS PIOZZI
BERTIE GREATHEED
ROBERT MERRY
WILLIAM PARSONS
} ESQ.RS

DEDICATION

WHAT *a whimſical task my dear Friends You impoſe,*
To contribute a fine Dedication in proſe!
Our PIOZZI *methinks is much fitter for this,*
For She writes the Preface, and can't write amiſs.
But my thoughts neither beautiful are nor ſublime,
So I wrap them in metre, and tag them with rhime,
Like theatrical dreſſes, if tinſel'd enough,
The tinſel one ſtares at, nor thinks of the ſtuff.
We mean not our book for the public inſpection,
Then why ſhould we court e'en a Monarch's protection?
For too oft the good Prince ſuch a critic of lays is,
He ſcarcely knows how to peruſe his own praiſes.
OURSELVES *and our* FRIENDS *we for Patrons will chuſe,*
No others will read us, and theſe will excuſe.

BRITISH
25 JY 82
MUSEUM

PREFACE

Prefaces to Books, like Prologues to Plays, will ſeldom be found to invite Readers, and ſtill leſs often to convey importance. Excuſes for mean Performances add only the baſeneſs of ſubmiſſion to poverty of ſentiment, and take from inſipidity the praiſe of being inoffenſive. We do not however by this little addreſs mean to deprecate public Criticiſm, or ſolicit Regard; why we wrote the verſes may be eaſily explain'd, we wrote them to divert ourſelves, and to ſay kind things of each other; we collected them that our reciprocal expreſſions of kindneſs might not be loſt, and we printed them becauſe we had no reaſon to be aſhamed of our mutual partiality. Portrait Painting though unadorn'd by allegorical alluſions, and unſupported by recollection of events or places, will be eſteem'd for ever as one of the moſt durable methods to keep Tenderneſs alive, and preſerve Friendſhip from decay: nor do I obſerve that the room here where Artiſts of many Ages have contributed their own likeneſſes to the Royal Gallery is leſs frequented than that which contains the

ſtatue of a ſlave and the picture of a Sibyl. Our little Book can ſcarcely be leſs important to Readers of a diſtant Age or Nation than we ourſelves are ready to acknowledge it; the waters of a mineral ſpring which ſparkle in the glaſs, and exhilarate the ſpirits of thoſe who drink them on the ſpot, grow vapid and taſteleſs by carriage and keeping; and though we have perhaps tranſgreſs'd the Perſian Rule of ſitting ſilent till we could find ſomething important or inſtructive to ſay; we ſhall at leaſt be allow'd to have gliſten'd innocently in Italian Sunshine; and to have imbibed from it's rays the warmth of mutual Benevolence, though we may have miſs'd the hardneſs and polish that ſome coarſer Metal might have obtain'd by heat of equal force. I will not however lengthen out my Preface; if the Book is but a feather, tying a ſtone to it can be no good policy, tho it were a precious one; the lighter body would not make the heavy one ſwim, but the heavy body would inevitably make the light one ſink.

BRITISH
25 JY 82
MUSEUM

A DREAM

As late beneath a cypreſs shade
To reſt, my weary limbs I laid,
Soft sleep o'er all my ſenſes ſtole,
And fairy viſions charm'd my ſoul.
'Twas then, methought, at early dawn
A Poet trod the dewy lawn,
With ſolitary ſteps, and slow,
Where hoary Arno's waters flow.
The Muſe he ſought whoſe ſong of yore
Reſounded on the Tuſcan shore.
At length his vagrant footſteps ſtray'd
To Val-ombroſa's gloomy shade;
Where, ſtretch'd upon the moſsy ground,
In death-like sleep the Maid he found:
And thrice eſſay'd, with daring hand,
To ſeize her thought-inſpiring wand;
And thrice exclaim'd dread Pow'r! ariſe,
Ere she unſeal'd her long-cloſ'd eyes.
The waking Muſe from ſide to ſide
Threw a wild gaze, and thus she cried.
„ What ſingle Bard is this I ſee
„ Who quits the haunts of Men for me?

„ Of Vot'ries once a num'rous band,
„ In Coſmo's time, adorn'd the land:
„ And is that band ſo num'rous gone?
„ And does Lorenzo (*) reign alone?
The Bard a moment ſilent ſtood;
Blush'd a reply, and ſought the wood.
Alarm'd, upſprang the radiant Pow'r;
Rush'd from the dark ſequeſter'd bow'r;
With awful voice call'd Dante's shade,
And ſummon'd Petrarch to her aid.
With active pinion mounting high,
She cut the pure Tyrrhenian sky;
As when Jove's bird in queſt of prey,
Bends through the azure deep his way:
O'er the cold Appenines she flew,
And ſcarce beſtow'd a tranſient view;
But having reach'd the Piſan shore,
On even wing she ſeem'd to ſoar;
Nor linger'd long, but heav'd a ſigh
And paſs'd Sienna, Prato, by;
Then skimming o'er Certaldo's ſpires,
Where gay Boccaccio felt her fires,
With chryſtal woe bedew'd his grave,
That to the ſod fresh luſtre gave;
So often, from the sky ſerene,
Some heat-born drops to fall are ſeen.

(*) *Lorenzo Pignotti; a celebrated Tuſcan Poet now living.*

With rapid flight, and eager force,
To Florence next she ſteer'd her courſe;
Expecting ſooner Arno's wave
Should ſeek again the native cave,
Than not, it's verdant banks around,
Be heard the lyre's enchanting ſound.
But there, alas! no ſound she hears,
Save buſy hum of Cavaliers;
Who tell the daily tale of love
To many a Fair, in many a grove:
She found her Cruſca's trium'phs o'er;
And e'en it's name was now no more.
But Ign'rance rear'd her heavy head,
While ev'ry art, and ſcience fled.
With ſhame, and woe, the Muſe oppreſt,
Inclin'd her front, and heav'd her breaſt;
No longer tears beſtow'd relief;
Their channels were ſhut up by grief:
But ſlow she ſought the lonely plain,
To ſoothe her boſom's riſing pain,
And ſoon the melancholy Pow'r
Reach'd fair Val d'Arno's thickeſt bow'r.
As there she trod the ſacred ground,
Immortal Milton's ſhade she found;
For mindful of the flame he caught,
When there he nurs'd his growing thought;
His grateful ſpirit loves to rove,
And haunt again th'inſpiring grove.

As one whoſe day of wealth is o'er,
Will ſhun the Friends he fought before,
So she was half inclin'd to fly
The former ſcenes of extasy.
The Bard approach'd the penſive Maid,
And deeply ſigh'd, and thus he ſaid,
„ O wherefore does thy flowing hair
„ Betray thy boſom's wild deſpair?
„ Has ſome dark Bigot's zealous rage
„ 'Gainſt thee preſum'd fell war to wage?
„ Or is pale Death's unerring dart
„ Aim'd at ſome Friend's beloved heart?
„ Ah no, (replies the Maid divine)
„ No dread of Bigot rage is mine,
„ No ſuff'ring Friends in ſorrow weep,
„ Thoſe, thoſe I lov'd are ſunk to sleep;
„ I mourn that now no equal choir
„ Take from my hands the offer'd Lyre:
„ If then my ſceptre's proud controul
„ E'er rul'd thy vaſt capacious ſoul;
„ If e'er thou ſtood'ſt, with liſt'ning ear,
„ The tuneful Tuſcan ſong to hear;
„ If e'er could pleaſe this vocal shade;
„ I now implore thy friendly aid:
„ Yes, I conjure thee by that lay
„ Which ſung the bright celeſtial day;
„ Which ſung the joys of Eden fair,
„ The ſerpent, Eve, and Man's deſpair;

„ By gay Allegro's ſprightly glow;
„ By Penſoroſo's ſolemn woe;
„ By the ſad notes thy friendship gave
„ For Lycidas' untimely grave,
„ When ſunk ſo low his ſacred head
„ Within old Ocean's dreary bed;
„ With ſympathetic zeal, impart
„ Some comfort to my ſorrowing heart.
With anxious breaſt, the Poet ſigh'd,
And thus in trembling notes replied.
„ O Pow'r belov'd! full well I feel
„ The truth thy plaintive lays reveal.
„ I'll ſeek proud Albion's chalky shore,
„ Where foamy waves tumultuous roar,
„ And there a genuine Band I'll raiſe
„ To hither come and ſing thy praiſe;
„ For Thames shall ſooner ceaſe to glide,
„ Than I forget fair Arno's ſide.
And now enchanting fancy leads
My wand'ring ſteps o'er flow'ry meads,
Where, proudly pointing to the skies,
High Fieſolè's old turrets riſe;
While on the ſtream that winds below,
Their ſedge-bound locks the Naiads show;
And many a Wood-Nymph, many a Faun,
Trips ſportive o'er th'enamell'd lawn;
While on the Fir-trees ever green,
The climbing Satyrs too are ſeen,

And, in the breeze their raptures pour,
With revel rout, and ruſtic roar.
As ſuch delights my ſpirit cheer'd,
* A Bard of Albion's Isle appear'd,
Who here had loiter'd down the day,
While ſixty Moons had wan'd away;
And at his Lyre's majeſtic ſound
The shepherd train would flock around.
Beneath a wood's extending shade,
Where many a fragrant zephyr play'd,
* A roving Nymph ſo lightly trod,
She ſcarcely mark'd the velvet ſod;
And with her numbers charm'd the ear
Of liſtning Eve who ſtay'd to hear.
Hush'd was the lonely Lover's flute,
The doleful Nightingale was mute,
Whene'er she ſtruck her British Lyre,
With Grecian force, and Sapho's fire.
* Nor diſtant far a Youth reclin'd,
Whoſe wild harp warbled to the wind,
So ſoftly ſweet, ſo clearly ſtrong,
That Arno's ſelf admir'd the ſong.
And now with eager haſte I ſtrove
To join the band that charm'd the grove.

*** *In alluſion to the three Friends concern'd with the author of the dream in this Collection.*

But ah! my labour all was vain,
For adverſe powers my courſe reſtrain.
Confus'd at length my viſion grew;
Fantaſtic phantoms roſe to view;
Envy I ſaw, in yellow veſt,
Malignant tear her shrivel'd breaſt;
And there the ſullen race appear
Who ſcorn the glowing verſe to hear:
Amaz'd I found the tumult riſe,
And sleep, on haſty pinion, flies.

HYMN OF CALLIOPE

AT THE CLOSE OF A POEM ENTITLED

GIBILTERRA SALVATA

BY THE MARQUIS

IPPOLITO PINDEMONTE

NOBLE VENETIAN

ALma Gente immortal, d' Eroi felice,
Una ſelva di lauri a te non baſta,
A te ch' ergi la fronte vincitrice,
Quando più ria tempeſta alto ſovraſta.
Così addoppia Leon la forza ultrice,
Poi che ferillo il cacciator de l' aſta,
L' Idra così ſotto l' Erculea clava
Creſcea le teſte, e il vincitor crucciava.

Dunque da' primi antichi Padri inteſa
Quella indarno non fu voce divina:
Mura d' inteſto abete a voi difeſa,
E campo al guerreggiar ſia la marina.
Tal vincere in Europa Aſia diſceſa
Poca gente poteo del mar Reina,
E forſe al Correttor del Mondo piacque,
Ch' aggia le terre chi è ſignor de l' acque.

Ma tutto ha ſuoi confin: ſe il volto ſanto
Moſtra la pace, e la ſua verde fronda
Comincia a metter fuor del bianco manto,
Non ſia per te che ancor ritiri, e aſconda.
Ceder regni dovrai? cedanſi; io canto
Innebbriata di profetic' onda:
Cedanſi; i più gran danni inclita, immenſa
Virtù, che in lor s'affina, indi compenſa.

Una parte del Mondo è che ſi giace
Di ſotto al polo meridionale,
Cinta da l'onde, e tanto ampia e capace
Ch'Europa inſieme, Affrica ed Aſia vale.
Ma per ogni nocchiero anche più audace
Le folte nebbie, e il rio ghiaccio immortale,
Che pur fa fede di vicina terra,
A l'Iſola infinita il varco ſerra.

Ma non ſempre chiudrà: felici antenne
Da' tuoi porti ſalpar veggio, o m' inganno?
E a l'Antartico ciel ſciolte le penne,
Oltra le vie del ſol, le vie de l'anno,
Far quel che per ria morte a far non venne
L'ultimo Eroe veleggiator Britanno.
Ceder loro ogni nebbia, e il duro impaccio
Ceder vegg' io del trionfato ghiaccio.

E già il nuovo ſaluta oſpite lito,
Or favoloſo ancora, indi giocondo
Balza di nave il Capitano ardito,
E di grand' orma imprime il terzo Mondo.
Un regno a l'India occidental rapito
Ti vien? ti venga: a nullo altro ſecondo
Regno il deſtin là t'apparecchia, e il petto
Colma d'onde preſaghe io tel prometto.

Intanto godi, che ſe quattro e nove
Provincie in terra, il volle Iddio, perdeſti,
Di nuovi mondi in ciel, non che di nuove
Provincie, acquiſto glorioſo or feſti:
Poi ch' un de' figli tuoi rinſerra, e muove
Così, mel diſſe Urania, i rai celeſti,
Che tale ottico ſuo nuovo inſtrumento
Ignoti aſtri ſcuoprì ſei volte cento.

Non puoſſi, è ver, là dove or giunge il ciglio,
Mandar Coloni, e trarne argento ed oro,
Benchè d'aereo volator naviglio
Abbia un Dedalo Franco in man lavoro.
Ma gente, che al valor pari ha il conſiglio,
Sa che tal di bell'arti evvi teſoro,
Per cui quello, che alfin tutto ſoverchia,
De' ſecoli Oceano invan la cerchia.

Forſe che veri a le ſcoperte ruote
Mondi non ſon cotante nuove ſtelle?
Ed ove, tua mercè, rifulgon note,
Dirò di ragion tua che non ſien quelle?
Così ſe ne la Luna or coglier puote
Il tuo ſguardo Lincèo coſe novelle,
Quante non mai ſperò pupilla alcuna;
Dirò non ſia di tua ragion la Luna?

Fu de l'Italia (vuol ch'io queſto eſprima
L'amor che ſempre a queſta parte io poſi)
Sin da quel dì, che la conquiſta prima
Ne fero que' Toſcani occhi famoſi.
Ma Italia, cui quanto ebbe in terra prima
Omai rapiro i Numi invidioſi,
Come che il dirlo è al cor puntura infeſta,
Or perde ancor quello che in ciel le reſta.

Così vuole il deſtin, che il giovin paſſo
Muova tal gente a gli onor primi in fretta,
Tale altra caggia da l'altezze al baſſo:
Molto, Albion, di gloria ancor t'aſpetta
Altri animar le tele, ed il compaſſo
Di Vitruvio a girar meglio ſi metta,
O meglio ſappia ancor le armate ſquadre
Spiegar ſul volto de l'antica madre.

Voi ſeguite, o Britanni, i voſtri fati:
Di Sofia meditar quel ch'è più arcano,
E di Marte e Mercurio a l'opre nati
Le vele alto levar ne l'Oceano.
Felici, e ancor per molta età, ſe i grati
Troppo grati piacer, ſe il guaſto e inſano
Coſtume, e di lung'ozio infauſta calma
Tutto il vigor non vi torrà de l'alma.

TRANSLATION

WHat laurels for thy Sons ſuffice
BRITAIN, the generous, brave and wiſe!
Who lifts more high her tow'ry head
As gath'ring tempeſts round her ſpread;
'Tis thus the hound-chas'd lion turns,
And with increaſing fury burns;
The Hydra thus Herculean ſtrength confounds,
While heads ſucceed to heads, and heal her hard-dealt wounds.

'Twas not in vain, the voice from high,
Reſounding thro our nether sky,
Defenceleſs Britain taught to dare,
And fix the ſea her ſeat of war;
Till Aſia's proſtrate pomp was ſeen
Bending before old Ocean's Queen,
For ſuch was all-controuling Heavn's command,
Who ſways by force the Sea, with laws shall rule the land.

But Fame muſt fade, and Power muſt ceaſe,
On all but thee ſweet ſainted Peace
Smiling in ſilvery robes I ſee,
Her white wand ſtretch'd o' er all but thee;
Muſt then thy flame contracted blaze,
Or lend to leſſer lights her rays?
It muſt, but Poet's piercing eyes explore
And ſee how inbred worth compenſates foreign power.

Where ſlowly turns the Southern Pole,
And diſtant Conſtellations roll,
A Sea-girt Continent lies hurl'd
That keeps the balance of the world;
But feltred fogs, and hoary froſt
Defend th'inhoſpitable Coaſt,
Which, veil'd from ſight, eludes the Pilot's care,
And leaves him fix'd in Ice, a ſtatue of Deſpair.

By difficulties then repell'd
Shall Britons quit fair Honor's field?
No! - Soon beneath th'Antarctic Sky,
Their ſails ſhall ſwell, their ſtandards fly;
Soften with Arts unknown before
The ſavage on the ſea-beat ſhore;
And teach him to lament that Hero's doom
Who firſt their lands deſcried, and ſeiz'd them for his tomb.

To that third world the wond'ring Muſe
Britannia' thy brave Chief purſues,
When, with poſſeſſive ſtep, the ſand
He proudly prints at thy command;
Second to none, let this be dear,
Nor weep the weſtern Hemiſphere;
By Poets promiſed, and by Fate prepar'd
Here fix thy mild domain, here reap thy juſt reward.

Meanwhile, when Retroſpection lends
Her glaſs to view long-parted friends,
And the forsaken Parent ſees
With ſighs her diſtant Colonies;
Direct the tube, 'twill shew for thee
Realms ſcatter'd thro' Immenſity:
For ſo Urania dictated to Fame
That new diſcover'd ſtars should wear thy George's name.

What if thoſe happier regions hold
No ſilver bright, nor burnish'd gold,
Nor Commerce thence could hope return
By flying navigators borne,
Tho taught by France they gayly dare
Upheld thro' atmoſpheric air.
Arts ſolid treaſures wait thy equal mind,
In vain by Ocean's belt fromage to age confin'd.

If rolling worlds like ours below,
Or light-diſpenſing ſuns they glow,
May we not juſtly call them thine,
Britannia! thro' whoſe glaſs they shine,
When in the moon thy piercing eye
Unhoped for objects can deſcry,
To thee thoſe objects every power muſt yield,
As won by wiſdom's worth on Luna's argent field.

Italia firſt, (for thus my heart
The pleaſing tale delights t'impart)
Italia firſt eſſay'd to ſoar,
And dar'd the dang'rous truth explore:
In vain, the ſceptre quits her hands,
While Fate her envied power withſtands,
And, quench'd on Earth her once diſtinguish'd flame,
Scatters in empty ſpace her ſecond air-built name.

So Deſtiny the youthful tread
Of earlier Eaſtern nations led;
So ſunk their glory, quench'd their light,
That dazzled once the wond'ring ſight:
Much Albion yet we hope from thee,
Tho others boast the pencil free,
Each ſofter Art with more ſucceſs diſplay,
Or range more num'rous hoſts in battle's firm array.

Meantime to Glory's ardent chace
Still' animate thy hardy race;
Hunt Science thro her laſt retreats,
Ard rifle her of all her ſweets;
O'er Arts and Arms extend thy reign,
And cover with thy fleets the main;
Soft Pleaſure's all-ſeducing paths deſpiſe,
With priſtine vigor warm, with rough experience wiſe.

EPISTLE

TO THE MARQUIS

IPPOLITO PINDEMONTE

AT VERONA.

WHere ſtately Venice views with conſcious pride
Palladian ſtructures in her trembling tide,
And bids with annually repeated vows
The ſolemn Doge his green-hair'd Bride eſpouſe,
As in old time the nuptial pomp was ſeen
Of Peleus and his ſilver-ſlipper'd Queen;
There ſince the ſavage Turk o'erturn'd her Fane
* In the fair Isle that own'd her bliſsful reign,
The Cyprian Goddeſs all her power diſplays,
And bids new vot'ries kneel, new Altars blaze:
There for a while her winning influence ſtole
In gentle languors on my captive ſoul;
To Pleaſure's ev'ry haunt at eaſe convey'd
In the ſoft gondola ſupinely laid,
No other cares could then my thoughts employ
But indolent to glide from joy to joy;

* *Cyprus once belonging to the Venetians.*

In ſprightly converſe ſpeed the hours away
* At the throng'd Fair, or the Caſſino gay;
Oe'r the wide Theatre's half circle range,
Tranſported with the fond purſuit of change,
While in each box new charms mine eyes engage,
Nor let them ever wander to the ſtage!
Prolong at Beauty's ſide, ſupremely bleſt,
The blithe repaſt, till Phoebus warn'd to reſt;
Lead thro' the mazy dance her nimble feet;
Or preſs her wanton in the lone retreat!
Meanwhile, enfeebled by theſe ſoft delights,
No more each ſerious task my ſoul invites,
But Nature's ſelf was blotted from my thought,
With all the wond'rous works the Arts have wrought;
Forgot each charm the rural proſpect yields,
" The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields; "
Forgot each darling object that from home
Led my free ſteps through foreign lands to roam,
The late-found coin's time-conſecrated ruſt,
The glowing canvas, and the breathing buſt,
Of Architects renown'd each chaſte deſign,
Th' Italian Muſe's rich poetic mine!
Ah! how unlike to thee, whom ſtill ſecure
In Pleaſure's lap fair Science can allure,

* *A Fair, tho' no place of faſhionable reſort in England, is at Venice frequented by the beſt Company.*

Nor more thy own * Ulyſſes could diſdain,
The cup Circèan, or the Syren's ſtrain.
But ſudden when I left th' enchanted Isles,
And ſaw around the ſpring's returning ſmiles,
(Unmark'd before the Seaſon's gradual courſe)
My wonted taſtes return'd with double force;
Like one long toſt on the tempeſtuous Main,
Who joys to view his parent Earth again,
The green leaf shiv'ring in the balmy gale,
The flowers that ſcent the dew-beſprinkled vale,
The vines in rich feſtoons ſo gaily hung,
The tender blade which ſeem'd that moment ſprung,
Rais'd in my ſoul ſuch tranſport and ſurprize,
† I thought Elyſium opening to my eyes!
While theſe emotions Mem'ry loves to trace,
She gives Verona a diſtinguish'd place,
Where ſtill the vaſt Arena towers ſublime,
Stupendous work that mocks the rage of Time!
Where foaming Adigè with rapid force
Thro' antique arches rolls his ſounding courſe;
Where, Fancy, Science, Taſte, with thee reſide,
With thee whoſe friendship is my joy and pride!

(*) *In alluſion to a Tragedy written by the Marquis on the ſubject of the laſt Book of Homer's Odyſſey.*

(†) *At Venice there are neither fields nor gardens ſo that the progreſs of the Seaſons is quite imperceptible.*

* And ſtill she adds the gen'rous Albert's name,
Meek Nature's lover with enthuſiaſt flame;
Led up the hills by his attentive care,
To view her ſcenes, and breathe the morning air,
While he unlock'd his learning's copious ſtore,
Whate'er we ſaw, his converſe charm'd me more.
And lov'd Pagani, who in tuneful lays
Has ſung ſo well the object of my praiſe,
Fair Beatrice—were mine his accents ſweet
Each Tuſcan Echo should that name repeat!
Illuſtrious City! may thy modern fame
Rival the luſtre of thine antient name,
For ſtill thy ſons the fav'ring Muſe inſpires,
And thy fair daughters share her genial fires;
Round female brows when living laurels twine,
Broader they ſpread and more reſplendent shine;
Exult—a Verza, a Moſconi's thine!

Now, ſever'd from thoſe ſeats of ſocial joy,
The Arts alone my muſing hours employ,
For now no more the blue-eyed Pleaſures rove
Arno's green banks, or Boboli thy grove!
O'er the chang'd ſcene his baleful pinions ſpread,
While the fierce Auſtrian Eagle rears the head,
Like tim'rous doves his ravening beak they fly
To ſport and flutter in a kinder sky!

(*) *The author could not avoid paying this small tribute of eſteem to perſons, whoſe kindneſs and agreeable converſation he muſt ever remember with gratitude and delight.*

Conſoled by ſtudy here I find repoſe,
Each quiet day in even tenor flows,
And the famed Gall'ry to my curious ſight
Preſents exhauſtleſs ſubjects of delight;
Chief to the lov'd * Tribuna's ſacred ſeat
Full oft my rapt'rous viſits I repeat.
Hence ye prophane, whom luſt of wealth or power
Forbid to know one taſteful feeling hour,
Hence boiſt'rous Mirth of manners coarſe and rude,
Hence gloomy Care, nor here your ſteps intrude!
Thus undiſturb'd whene'er I look around,
Some matchleſs work on ev'ry ſide is found.
On the ſoft bed ſee Titian's Fair recline;
Her naked charms that with full luſtre shine,

* *The name of that room belonging to the Gallery in which the moſt valued pieces of painting and ſculpture are preſerv'd—What is generally call'd Titian's Venus is here conſider'd only as a beautiful woman, as she has none of the uſual attendants of the Goddeſs. — The Samian maid is the Sibyl, and Raphael's ſaint the S.t John—The ſtatue of the liſtener is commonly known by the name of the Arrotino, and is ſuppoſed to repreſent the slave who firſt diſcoverd Cataline's Conſpiracy — It ſeems almoſt unneceſſary to add that the Venus is the famous Venus of Medicis.*

Her wanton eyes that " dart contagious fire, "
Prompt the looſe wish, and lawleſs loves inſpire.
In tender Guido's ſofter ſtyle expreſt,
With heav'n-fix'd eye, and arms that croſs her breaſt,
The meek Madona's looks devout and pure
To chaſter, holier, bliſs my hopes allure.
" Rapt into future times, " the Samian Maid,
By bold Guercino's powerful hand diſplay'd,
Tranſported the prophetic flame receives;
How vain if winds diſperſe the fateful leaves!
A ſtronger inſpiration ſhines confeſt
In Raphael's ſaint, and fills his lab'ring breaſt;
In bloom of youth while he ſequeſter'd dwells
Mid deſart wilds, rude rocks, and gloomy dells,
His wide-extended arm, and ardent eye
Proclaim his hallow'd miſſion from on high!
Much more of Picture's toil adorns the walls,
But Sculpture too my admiration calls.
How each fierce wreſtler ſtrains his ſinewy frame,
Exulting that, and this depreſs'd with shame!
What fix'd attention in his face appears
Who unobſerv'd the dreadful project hears,
And while dark-plotting Treaſon ſpreads around,
His work ſuſpends to drink the fearful ſound!
As if from Tempè's vale by magic drawn,
How full of mirth and glee the dancing Faun;
Such forms poetic eyes alone have ſeen
Skim the green lawn, or glance thick shades between!

What wond'rous grace and harmony divine
In young Apollo's fair proportions shine!
Nor theſe can long detain my eager ſight
While Venus' ſtill more perfect charms invite;
Great maſter-piece of art above all praiſe,
Grown to the ſpot I there could ever gaze,
Pygmalion-like, enamor'd of a ſtone,
Heave the vain ſigh, and pour the fruitleſs moan!
And frequent by the taper's trembling light
Sweet Poeſy beguiles the fleeting night;
Whether his page I turn whoſe ſong hath told
* Of pious arms led on by Godfroy bold;
† Or his of beauteous Dames, and burnish'd Knights,
Fierce wars, and courteous deeds, and love's delights;
Or loſt in grief o'er Laura's mournful bier,
With Petrarch drop the ſadly-pleaſing tear;
Or in thy verſe brave Elliott's glory view,
And the proud ſtory of his fame purſue,
Which loftier honors from a ſtranger gains
Than from his native Muſe's warbled ſtrains;
The British tube thus foreign ſages rear
To trace the wonders of the ſtarry Sphere,
And while each Conſtellation's brighter shewn,
Prefer our ſtronger glaſſes to their own.

Florence 24. July 1785.

(*) *Canto l' arme pietoſe, e il Capitano.* Taſſo.
(†) *Le donne, i cavalier, l' arme, gli amori,*
le corteſie. Arioſto.

SONNET

WRITTEN AT VENICE

Fled each bright form, and hush'd each tuneful ſound,
As home I glide from the Caſſino gay;
In the dark gondola cloſe curtain'd round,
Alone and chearleſs o'er the watr'y way.
* Methinks, an exile from the golden day,
Stern Death has placed me on the Stygian bound,
(So busy Fancy does the ſcene pourtray,)
Pale ghoſts appear, and ſhrieks of woe reſound!
Meanwhile my abſent Fair I vainly crave;
Far other thoughts her preſence would inſpire,
For love's bright Queen (ſo ſung the Grecian Choir)
Who roſe exulting from the azure wave,
Here bids her native Element conſpire
To aid the purpoſes of ſoft deſire!

(*) *Nothing can be more gloomy than returning home at night in one of theſe ſingular vehicles, which being coverd with black cloth very much reſemble a hearſe, and the dashing of the Oars reminds one of Charon and the ſtyx, but being wonderfully calculated for Intrigue, they are generally conſider'd as the favorite ſcene of Venetian tranſports.*

SERENADE

WHen o'er the Tuſcan plain wild Winter threw
His midnight mantle of a ſable hue,
Where far-famed Florence rears her marble pride,
And aged Arno's varying waters glide;
Beneath the terrace of his much-loved fair,
With locks diſhevel'd, and with boſom bare,
A fond Italian thus expreſſed his pain,
Struck the ſoft lyre, and pour'd the vocal ſtrain.

If she I love be now repoſed
In folded arms of downy sleep,
I'm well content to watch, and weep,
My eyes are never cloſed.

For I adore that angel face,
I love her beauty to deſpair,
Her azure eye, and auburn hair,
Her boſom's matchleſs grace.

Alas! no other joy have I,
But near this window's glimm'ring ray,
To breathe in vain the artleſs lay
Of genuine miſery.

Now dreary darkneſs reigns around,
And nought ſhall trouble her repoſe,
Save the ſharp wind that rudely blows,
With melancholy ſound.

But not the feeble note I raiſe,
Shall e'er diſturb her ſlumb'ring ear,
Nor could I wish my fair to hear,
Becauſe I ſing her praiſe.

For all the treaſures of the Eaſt,
For ev'ry monarch's glitt'ring crown,
I would not have my uſeleſs moan
Invade her rosy reſt.

And O may Paſſion never heave
That breaſt the fond abode of joy,
Love would her happineſs deſtroy,
And teach her how to grieve.

She then would feel the rending ſigh,
Would mourn perhaps the live-long night,
Unknown to peace, or calm delight,
As ſad, as loſt as I.

Blow, blow, ye winds, deſcend ye rains,
I ſcorn the torrent and the blaſt,
Ills ſuch as theſe are quickly paſt,
Eternal are my pains.

But ſince my fair one is repoſed,
In folded arms of downy sleep,
I'm well content to watch, and weep,
My eyes are never cloſed.

SERENATA

TRADOTTA DAL DOTTORE

LORENZO PIGNOTTI

FRemea l'inverno, e ſopra il ſuol Tirreno
Stendea la mezza notte il velo ombroſo,
Quando la dove Flora il capo ameno
Erge, e la bagna Arno col piede ondoſo,
Con ſcarmigliate chiome, e nudo ſeno
Dell' idol ſuo ſotto il balcon, doglioſo
Un Amante i ſuoi teneri lamenti
Accordò ſulla lira in queſti accenti.

Se nel grembo al dolce oblìo
Or ripoſa l'idol mio,
Veglin pur queſt' occhi e ſieno
Sempre aperti a lacrimar!

M'arde O dio quel bel ſembiante,
L'occhio azzurro, il crine aurato,
E del petto delicato
Il ſoave palpitar.

Refrigerio altro non ſento
Che narrare il mio tormento
Al balcone, ond' eſce appena
Fioco e tremulo ſplendor.

Regna intanto il cupo orrore,
Nulla turba il ſuo ripoſo,
Che del vento il procelloſo
Malinconico rumor.

Di ſua placida quiete
Ah non rompa l'ore chete
Queſto ſuon, ne ſappia mai
Che di lei qui sì cantò.

Tutto l'or, tutte le gemme
Ah piuttoſto io donerei,
Che ſaper che il ſonno a lei
De miei verſi il ſuon turbò.

Ah d'amor tiranno affetto
Mai non entri nel ſuo petto,
Diverria troppo infelice
E ſaprebbe il duol cos'è.

Fra cocenti aſpri martiri
Notti intiere piangeria
Senza ſonno, e allor ſaria
Infelice al par di me.

Frema pur la pioggia, e il vento,
Io non curo il lor furore,
Che ben preſto e naſce e muore,
Ed eterno è il mio penar.

Ma giacchè nel dolce obblio
Or ripoſa l'idol mio,
Veglin pur queſt'occhi e ſieno
Sempre aperti a lacrimar.

MADNESS

I'Ve loſt my Love, I know not where,
I ask'd her of the fiend Deſpair,
He look'd aghaſt, and bade me go
To the dark abode of woe.
I'll ſeek her in the glare of day,
I'll ſeek her in the milky-way,
I'll ſeek her o'er the raging deep;
Yon wave ſhall rock her ſoul to sleep:
Ye wanton Sea-Gods! O beware!
And do not violate my fair.
On ſome far mountain lone, and drear,
With arms acroſs she ſits to hear,
How the torrents rage in vain,
Emblems of her Lover's pain.
Or where Moon-light shuns the shade,
Throws her down, my penſive maid.
Tis the Roe-buck bounding by,
Tis the Zephyr ſeems to ſigh
As his careleſs pinions rove,
Tis perhaps the voice of Love.
Do not ſtart, nor haſte away,
I have ſought thee all the day,

Yes, I ſought thee in the cave
Where the frantic furies rave,
Dreadful was the brand they bore,
One, her breaſt was ſtained with gore,
One, her ſnaky locks, diſplay'd,
And told me of my beauteous maid,
Told me she was ſunk to reſt
On my Rival's burning breaſt;
And the other ſmiled to hear:
Curſe on her malignant ſneer!
Now I ſteal the Eagle's wing,
Like the Bird of Sorrow ſing,
I will hover o'er my fair,
And my ſong shall pierce the air,
Song of fury, mix'd with woe,
Deep, pathetic, wild, and slow;
Echo, if she chance to hear,
Shall only anſwer with a tear.
Once around my fair I twin'd,
Where the roſe embraced the wind,
And the plaintive Shepherd's lay
Soothed the parting ear of day.
Was it rapture, was it pain,
Was it hope that fired my vein,
As I preſſed my ravish'd fair?
She I loved was never there.
Some are mad for love they ſay,
Others fight, and others pray,

Others lay them down and weep,
Hush, my tyrant ſinks to sleep.
Not a leaf shall trembling move
To diſturb the maid I love,
Near her bed of many a flower
I will guard her slumb'ring hour,
With the mighty ſword, of yore
That the ruthleſs Giant bore.
Not the Genius of the ſtorm
Shall approach her lovely form,
Ruffian! wouldſt thou dare poſſeſs
Her I love with rude careſs?
There's my love, I ſee her there,
I know her by her ſtreaming hair,
I know her by her boſom's ſnow,
By her frozen heart below;
I know her by her flaming eye,
'Tis she, have mercy, for I die.

ODE

TO THE

VENUS OF MEDICIS

QUeen of each tender thought and ſoft deſire,
Whoſe matchleſs beauties here in marble ſhine,
Who didſt th'enraptur'd Greek's proud art inſpire
To form this ſemblance of thy charms divine.

To this thy beſt-loved image, Goddeſs fair,
Let me not bring my votive gifts in vain;
No milk-white doves, no bleating lambs are there,
With guiltleſs blood thy purer ſhrine to ſtain.

But dearer trophies, which to thee I owe,
Soft notes that ſpeak the mighty force of love,
Treſſes the fond believing Fair beſtow,
In meaning forms, and myſtic cyphers wove.

Now all around obey thy gladd'ning voice,
And rove in pairs to woo the young deſires;
In Hymen's bands my British friends rejoice,
The glowing natives burn with looſer fires.

I hapleſs torn from all my ſoul held dear
Am now no more with love's ſoft tranſports bleſt,
No fond delights my lingering moments chear,
A death-like calm uſurps my vacant breaſt.

O Goddeſs fair, by all that could ſubdue
War's furious God to ſeek thoſe gentle charms,
By all the tides of joy that once you knew
When bleſt Adonis languish'd in your arms.

O once again the genial flame impart,
I court the bliſs, nor dread the pleaſing woe,
Chaſe then this cold indifference from my heart,
Bid ſome kind Fair with equal paſſion glow.

Then too my breaſt ſhall feel poetic fire,
And British Muſes haunt the Tuſcan Plain;
As oft they come when MERRY ſtrikes the lyre,
And raptur'd Arno liſtens to his ſtrain.

TO

WM. PARSONS ESQR.

WHile Venus inſpires, and ſuch verſes you ſing
As Prior might envy and praiſe;
While MERRY can mount on the eagle's wide wing,
Or melt in the nightingale's lays:
On the beautiful banks of this claſſical ſtream
While BERTIE can careleſsly rove,
Dividing his hours and varying his theme
With Philoſophy, Friendship and Love.

In vain all the beauties of Nature or Art,
To rouze my tranquillity tried;
Too often ſaid I has this languishing heart
For the charms of celebrity ſigh'd:
Now ſooth'd by ſoft Muſick's ſeducing delights,
With reciprocal tenderneſs bleſt;
No more will I pant for poetical flights,
Or let vanity rob me of reſt.

† The Slave and the Wreſtlers what are they to me!
From plots and contention remov'd;
* And Job with ſtill leſs ſatisfaction I ſee
When I think on the pains I have prov'd.
It was thus that I ſought in oblivion to drown
Each thought from remembrance that flows,
Thus Fancy was ſtagnant I honeſtly own,
But I call'd that ſtagnation repoſe.

Now wak'd by my Country-men's voice once again
To enjoyment of pleaſures long paſt,
Her powers elaſtick the ſoul ſhall regain,
And recall her original taſte.
Like the loadſtone which long lay conceal'd in the earth,
Among metals that glitter'd around,
Inactive her talents, and only call'd forth,
When the ore correſpondent was found.

(†) *Two celebrated pieces of ſculpture in the Tribuna.*
(*) *The fine picture of Iob in the ſame place by Bartolomeo della Porta.*

To M.rs PIOZZI

IN REPLY

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING

25 JULY 1785.

THo' " ſooth'd by ſoft Musick's ſeducing delights "
" And bleſt with reciprocal love ; "
Theſe cannot impede your poetical flights,
For ſtill friends to the Muſes they prove.
Then ſitting ſo gaily your table around,
Let us all with glad ſympathy view
What joys in this fortunate union abound,
This union of Wit and Virtû !

May the day which now ſees you ſo mutually bleſt
In full confidence, love, and eſteem,
Still return with increaſe of delight to your breaſt,
And be Hymen your favorite theme.
Nor fear that your fertile ſtrong Genius can fail,
All thoughts of " ſtagnation " diſpell,
The Fame which ſo long has attended a THRALE
A PIOZZI alone can excell !

As the ore muſt for ever obedient be found
By the load-ſtone attracted along,
So in England you drew all the Poets around
By the magical force of your ſong:
The ſame power on Arno's fair ſide you retain,
Your talents with wonder we ſee;
And we hope from your converſe thoſe talents to gain,
Tho like magnets—in ſmaller degree!

VERSES

SENT TO

COUNT VITTORIO ALFIERI

AT PISA

IN RETURN FOR A PRESENT OF HIS TRAGEDIES

ON famed Italia's wintry plain,
The tragic Muſe was heard to ſigh,
She pour'd a ſoul-ſubduing ſtrain,
No fancied ſorrows fill'd her eye.

But on the poiſon'd bowl she caſt
A longing look of grief ſincere,
She graſp'd her bleeding dagger faſt,
That oft she ſeem'd inclin'd to rear.

The Genius of the Northern Pole,
Drove headlong forth the tempeſt's rage,
To match the fury of her ſoul,
By dreadful ſympathy aſſuage.

Around the gather'd ſtorms deſcend,
The flak'd ſnow chills her whiter breaſt,
Which all-tumultuous Paſſions rend,
As thus her plaintive voice expreſt.

„ O Italy renown'd of yore
„ For ſons who felt my nobleſt fire!
„ Say can'ſt thou boaſt ſuch ſons no more,
„ Say muſt the heavenly flame expire?

„ Curſed be the hour when ſenſe reſign'd
„ The ſceptre of her proud domain,
„ When ſound alone uſurp'd the mind,
„ And here began the forceleſs reign.

„ In antient Rome my well-wrought ſcene,
„ Excited virtue, charm'd the brave,
„ My voice ſublime, and rigid mien,
„ Abash'd the coward and the slave.

„ Not Sophocles, th' Athenian pride,
„ Could higher raiſe the thrilling woe,
„ Scarce * He who late on Avon's ſide,
„ Taught ſtern Britannia's tear to flow.

(*) *Shakeſpeare*.

„ But ſee o'er all theſe hills and vales,
„ Where active learning uſed to rove,
„ With dark'ning pinion Ign'rance ſails,
„ And ſadly glooms each claſſic grove.

„ Ah what avail your ſummer skies,
„ Ah what avail your glories paſt?
„ Thoſe view no feeling Bard ariſe,
„ Theſe like myſelf, are ſunk at laſt.

She ſpoke, and on the banks of Po
In deſolation threw her down,
The River-God who heard her woe,
Roſe from the wave with coral crown.

And on his venerable brow,
Where time had marked expreſſive grace,
Was wove the Delphic laurel-bough,
That half conceal'd his awful face.

„ Mourn not (he cried) majeſtic Power!
„ For on my banks a Bard is found,
„ Who culls for thee each myſtic flower,
„ And wakes thy lyre's enchanting ſound.

„ No trivial Bard, his lays reveal
„ A pathos deep, and warble wild,
„ That bid the ſtarting paſſions feel;
„ Melpomene receive thy child!

He ceaſed, and vaniſh'd from her view,
While the pale Muſe was charm'd to hear
That ſtill one genuine poet knew
To raiſe the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

With ſolemn ſtep she ſtalk'd along,
And reach'd the tow'ring height of fame,
She blew the trumpet loud and ſtrong,
That told around ALFIERI's name.

*ODE
TO
INDOLENCE

O peace to yonder tumult rude
That burſts upon my ſolitude!
And mingles with the ſtorm afar,
The frantic ravings of deſpair,
While thro' the dreary deep of air,
Thy fatal voice is heard, O blood-ſtain'd war!
Yes, now the Paſſions wildly rage,
And ſadly gloom the human ſcene;
Forgotten all the poet's page,
His penſive joys, and hour ſerene.
O hence, ye fury paſſions, hence!
But welcome to my longing arms,
Array'd in all thy ſober charms,
Mild tranquil Indolence!
For much I love to view thy melting eye,
Thy wanton treſſes careleſs fly,
The zoneleſs breaſt, the open grace,
The vagrant undetermin'd pace,
The aſpect bland, the form benign,
The winning air, and smile divine.

(*) *A very few copies of this Ode, which was written during the war, have been already printed, but in an imperfect manner.*

Amid the ſilent noon of night,
When ſailing on in luſtre bright,
O'er pathleſs wilds, and mountains drear,
The pale moon throws her ſilver ray,
Guiding the Pilgrim's lonely way,
To where the convent's diſtant ſpires appear;
O then thou lov'ſt, at eaſe reclin'd,
With contemplation by thy ſide,
Where gently ſteals the whiſp'ring wind,
And ſoft the ling'ring waters glide,
To think, alas! how short, how vain,
The rich man's boaſt, the poor man's woe!
What madneſs to exult below,
What folly to complain!
See hope's gay altars by fresh vot'ries dreſt,
The ſwarm of yeſterday at reſt,
Thoſe budding flow'rs their ſeaſons gave,
Have prov'd the bloſſoms of the grave,
And death alike shall ſoon efface,
The glories of the preſent race.

O Goddeſs! wave thy lily hand,
That meekly bears the magic wand,
To ſoothe the mental ſtorm to reſt;
And now life's drops unruffled flow,
Nor burn with rage, nor chill with woe;
But all is ſweet, and tranquil, in the breaſt;
Nought now the placid ſoul can move,

Save Pity comes with tear-ful eye,
Or the fixt gaze of feeling Love,
Or gentle Mercy's heart-felt ſigh:
Yet theſe will not diſturb thy cell,
For Echo's dirge-like notes, and clear,
Shall oft inform thy liſt'ning ear,
With theſe the virtues dwell.
And ſee the fleecy clouds tranſparent fly,
Leaving ſerene the ſummer's sky,
And ſee gray Evening's gloom appears,
While Nature melts in dewy tears.
O hither come, and bring with thee,
The rural nymph, Simplicity.

Where Arno's waves uncertain flow,
Where rapid rolls the brighter Po,
Oft have I woo'd thee, Goddeſs dear!
To bleſs with eaſe my future days,
From cenſure far, or noisy praiſe:
O may thy clarion Fame! ſublime to hear,
Be ever to my ſenſes mute;
Tis true the thrilling notes are ſtrong,
Yet cannot charm like Pity's lute,
Nor Philomela's plaintive ſong.
Beneath his courſer's boundings fleet,
The laurel'd Hero as he goes,
Tramples unſeen full many a roſe,
Nor heeds the perfume ſweet.

But thou, indulgent Pow'r! canſt point the way,
Where all the milder pleaſures ſtray,
The upland lawns, the shad'wy vales,
Cool lucid ſtreams, and tepid gales,
And where the feather'd choir around,
Wanton amid the wilds of ſound.

Each haughty tyrant ſcorns to tread
Thy ſimple path, with flow'rs beſpread;
He too, whoſe ſordid ſoul requires
Still to encreaſe his daily heap,
Who leaves th' unfriended race to weep,
Baſe, wretched victim to his own deſires.
Alas! his boſom ne'er shall feel,
The bliſs thy radiant ſmiles beſtow,
When ſoft thy 'luring slumbers ſteal,
And charm away the ſenſe of woe:
But bright Content shall thee be near,
And oft, to catch the breeze, unfold
Her waving locks of downy gold,
And chaſe the riſing tear.
There glowing Genius shall in rapture muſe,
And round his holy rays diffuſe,
With comprehenſive thought shall ſcan,
The windings in the maze of Man.
And thus with thee my limbs reclin'd,
Far from the world shall ſoar my mind.

SONG

When Winter chills the dreary plain,
And binds the floods in chryſtal chain,
If chance a tranſient ſun-beam cheer
The heav'nly Maid I moſt revere,
How have I wish'd that beam to be
For her who never thinks of me!

When burning Summer's heats ariſe,
And languid nature drooping lies,
If chance a paſſing gale might bring
The cooling fragrance of the ſpring,
How have I wish'd that gale to be
For her who never thinks of me!

The morning dew that wets the roſe,
It's blooming tints more lovely shews,
So on that angel face appears
The pearly luſtre of her tears,
When other's woe she weeps to ſee;
But O! she never thinks of me.

The trav'ler on ſome mountain's ſide,
Who dreads the dangers yet untried,
Amid the night's bewild'ring noon
Enraptur'd views the riſing moon:
So I rejoice the form to ſee
Of her who never thinks of me.

Where'er her mournful footsteps go,
My thoughts attend in ſilent woe;
When clad in ſmiles her charms appear,
My ravish'd ſoul is ever near:
Nought can my vanquish'd fancy ſee,
But her who never thinks of me.

When round the Youths in tranſport gaze,
And love forbids the pow'r of praiſe;
While she with artleſs mien beguiles,
And ſweetly wounds with fatal ſmiles;
Her triumphs ſtill I'm fond to ſee,
Altho' she never thinks of me.

Then go, fair hope! for ever go;
Here will I nourish deareſt woe;
For ſorrow's ſelf can ſweets impart;
Sweet ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
And ſweet to die 'twill ſurely be
For her, who never thinks of me.

A FABLE

ONce on a time an Aſs would be
A Critick upon Melody;
Tho' when himſelf began to ſing
Th' affrighted birds were on the wing:
No more the turtle woo'd his love;
Each nightingale forſook the grove;
And ſcarce a beaſt upon the plain,
But mock'd the miſerable ſtrain;
Yet flatt'ring foxes ſimper'd near,
And vow'd he had a charming ear.
Pleas'd with their praiſe, the ſtrutting brute
Deſpis'd the humble shepherd's lute,
Deſpis'd the linnet's artleſs ſong,
'T was now too weak, and now too ſtrong;
In ſpite of all the world might ſay,
The only muſick was —— to bray.

SONETTO
DELL' ABBATE PARINI
SOPRA
IL PALLONE AEREOSTATICO.

E' la Macchina che parla

ECco del mondo e maraviglia e gioco,
Farmi grande in un punto e lieve io ſento,
E col fumo nel grembo, e a piedi il foco,
Salgo per l'aria, e mi confido al vento.

E mentre aprir nuovo cammino io tento
A l'uom, cui l'onda e cui la terra è poco,
Fra incerti moti e l'ancor dubbio evento,
Alto gridando la Natura invoco.

Oh madre delle coſe! arbitrio prenda
L'uomo per me di queſto aereo regno,
Se ciò fia mai che più beato il renda;

Ma ſe nuocer poi dee, l'audace ingegno
Perda l'opra e il conſiglio, e fa ch'io ſplenda
D'una ſtolta impotenza eterno ſegno.

IMITATION
OF THE FOREGOING SONNET
ON AN
AIR BALLOON

IN empty ſpace behold me hurl'd,
The ſport and wonder of the World;
Who eager gaze while I aſpire
Expanded with aerial fire.

And ſince Man's ſelfish race demands
More empire than the ſeas or lands;
For him my courage mounts the skies,
Invoking Nature whilſt I riſe.

Mother of all! if thus refin'd,
My flights can benefit Mankind;
Let them by me new realms prepare,
And take poſſeſſion of the air.

But if to ills alone I lead,
Quickly, oh quick let me recede,
Or blaze, a ſplendid exhibition,
A beacon for their mad Ambition!

ENIGMA

Havvi una coſa la qual non è viva,
E par che viva, ſe gli vai dinanti,
E ſe tu ſcrivi parerà che ſcriva,
E ſe tu canti parerà che canti,
E ſe ti affacci ſeco in proſpettiva,
Ti dirà tuoi difetti tutti quanti:
Ma ſe ſdegnoſo gl'omeri tu volti,
Spariſce anch' ella, e torna ſe ti volti.

IMITATED

I Saw a curious thing to day:
Oh then deſcribe it to me pray!
Twas like myſelf, ſo like indeed,
My own defects I there could read;
My own perfections there approve,
And triumph in platonick love;
Seem'd with my eyes alone to ſee,
And glow with ſenſibility:
With correſpondent actions grace
My ſong—and dwell upon my face:
Yet thus expert in frown and ſmile,
There's no great feeling all the while,
For if in tryal of the heart,
I feign in anger to depart;
Ages unſought might I remain
Nor my loſt friend e'er find again.

ARIETTA

Spesso amor sotto la forma
D' amistà ride e s' asconde,
Poi si mesce e si confonde
Col dispetto e col rancor;
In pietade si trasforma,
Par trastullo e par dilerto,
Ma nel suo diverso aspetto
Sempre egli è lo stesso amor.

IMITATED

When lurking Love in ambush lies
Under Friendship's fair disguise,
When he wears an angry mien,
Imitating spite or spleen;
When like sorrow he seduces,
When like pleasure he amuses,
Still howe'er the parts are cast,
'Tis but lurking Love at last.

TRANSLATION
OF AN ITALIAN SONNET
UPON
AN ENGLISH WATCH

Oh skill'd to meaſure day and night!
Small elegant machine;
On which to pore with fix'd delight
Britannia's ſons are ſeen.

Time fell deſtroyer holds his place
Triumphant o'er thy wheels,
And on the fair enamel'd face
Imprints each hour he ſteals.

While one by one the minutes fly
Touch'd by thy magic hand,
Each ſtill reproaching with a ſigh
Dull duty's lingering hand.

Wouldſt thou from thy prolific breaſt
One hour to me reſign,
Willing to Fate I'd yield the reſt,
That hour of bliſs be mine!

SONG

HArd fate! enslaved by foreign eyes,
I now can pour my amorous ſtrain
But to the tender pitying skies,
But to the lonely liſtening plain.

Full oft in Britain's diſtant Isle
I ſing a falſe ideal flame,
Till many a Nymph my lays beguile
Who thinks herſelf my fondeſt aim.

But now while real paſſion burns,
I tune my voice, my lyre I ſtring,
A deafen'd ear my Charmer turns,
Alas! she knows not what I ſing.

Her modeſt grace, her gentle ſoul,
Her fair complexion's lily hue,
All theſe she from Britannia ſtole,
Why ſtole she not the *language* too!

Or why, to breathe a ſofter lay,
Why is not *hers* beſtow'd by Love,
Shot in her eye's commanding ray
Like inſpiration from above!

While numerous coxcombs troop around,
Trite thoughts in hacknied phraſe they tell
Like daws in borrow'd plumage found;
She wonders *they* can talk ſo well.

My efforts, when in tendereſt ſtrain
I would my raptur'd ſoul expreſs,
Th'imperfect accents render vain,
For what is *thought* deprived of *dreſs*?

Come then, for Love muſt not deſpair,
Sweet incenſe of perſuaſive ſighs,
Meek homage of attentive care,
And ſilent eloquence of eyes!

ODE
TO
SLEEP

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

NOw ebon shades obſcure the room,
And no kind rays the ſcene illume,
Save through the pane in languid ſtreams
The wan Moon sheds her yellow beams,
With checquer'd radiance decks the ground,
And gently gilds the gloom around.
— At this lone hour when Midnight reigns
With ſilence o'er the twilight plains,
While drowsy birds forget to ſing,
No echoes in the foreſt ring,
No zephyr through the valley blows,
But all is hush'd in deep repoſe,
Shall I alone ſad vigils keep?
Why doſt thou fly me gentle Sleep?
O'ercome with toil the cottag'd ſwain
Is ſure thy partial ſmiles to gain,
On hardy bed outſtretch'd he lies,
And ready slumbers cloſe his eyes.

* E'en the poor ſea-boy on the maſt
Thou deign'st to lock in fetters faſt,
Tho' round him blows the whistling gale,
And rattling shrouds his ears aſſail.
Nor doſt thou to the slave refuſe
The balm of thine oblivious dews,
He, yielding to thy welcome ſway,
Flies from his tyrant far away,
Eſcapes the ſcourge and galling chains,
And temporary freedom gains.
Lo! where, with weight of ſorrows preſt,
Pale Grief reclines and ſinks to reſt,
E'en pining Care forgets his woes,
And Pain to thee a reſpite owes.
Love only thou forſak'ſt, O Sleep!
Love only wakes — and wakes to weep!
Once thou wert wont unſought to shed
Thy peaceful poppies o'er my head,
But ſince my Stella's angel charms
Have fill'd my ſoul with ſoft alarms,
Sadly I waſte the night in ſighs,
And no kind slumbers cloſe mine eyes.
Oh come! diffuſe thine influence bland,
Steal on my ſenſe with downy hand;
And Morpheus on thy friendly wing
Some ſweetly-ſoothing viſion bring.

(*) *Shakeſpeare's Henry IV.*

I ask not dreams of high renown,
The Poet's wreath, or Monarch's crown,
Or to deform the fancied plain
With clouds of ſmoke, and hills of ſlain,
Far, far, ſuch aweful forms remove
From him who only thinks of love,
But bear me to ſome vernal ſcene,
Empurpled mead, or alley green,
Where o'er famed Arno's gentle tide
The dark pines wave their umbrage wide,
And bring my Stella to my mind
Ah! bring her fair, — and bring her kind!

MONSIEUR LE DUC DE NIVERNOIS AYANT DEMANDE' A MADAME LA MARECHALE DE MIREPOIS UNE BOUCLE DE SES CHEVEUX, ELLE LA LUI ENVOYA AVEC LES VERS SUIVANTS.

LEs voila! les cheveux depuis long tems blanchis,
D'une longue union qu'ils ſoient pour vous le gage!
Je ne regrette rien de ce que m'otat l'age,
Il m'a laiſſé de vrais amis.
On m'aime preſqu'autant, & j'aime d'avantage,
L'aſtre de l'amitié luit dans l'hiver des ans,
Fruit precieux du gout, de l'eſtime, & du tems;
On ne s'y meprend plus, on cede a ſon empire,
Et l'on joint ſous les cheveux blancs
Aux charmes de s'aimer le droit de ſe le dire.

REPONSE DE MONSIEUR LE DUC

Quoi! vous parlez de cheveux blancs!
Laiſſons, laiſſons courir le tems,
Que vous importe ſon ravage!
Les tendres coeurs en ſont exempts,
Les Amours ſont toujours enfants,
Et les Graces ſont de tout age.
Pour moi Themire je le ſens,
Je ſuis toujours dans mon printems
Quand je vous offre mon hommage;
Si je n'avois que dix-huit ans,
Je pourrois aimer plus long tems,
Mais non pas aimer d'avantage.

FROM MADAME LA

MARECHALE DE MIREPOIS TO MONSIEUR LE DUC DE NIVERNOIS WITH A LOCK OF HER HAIR

IMITATED

Behold this lock which deck'd my face,
But reft of all it's former grace;
Long ſince hath Time forbade to ſhine
Each youthful charm that once was mine,
Yet while my faithful friends remain,
I cannot of his thefts complain,
They love me ſtill — I love them more,
Such joys have I with treſſes hoar.

Friendſhip's bright ſtar with purer rays
Gilds the calm evening of our days;
No longer then, to doubts a prey,
We dread fierce Love's imperious ſway,
And if a ſoft emotion riſe,
Suſpect him veil'd in Friendſhip's guiſe;
For well we know his power is o'er,
He flies abash'd from treſſes hoar.

Nor longer then does cuſtom bind
In tyrant chains the captive mind,
And, when a tender thought we feel,
Bid us that tender thought conceal,

But without blushing we impart
The chaſte affections of the heart,
This freedom ne'er enjoy'd before
Has Age beſtow'd with treſſes hoar.

THE ANSWER

O talk not thus of " treſſes hoar ",
Let Time his deſtin'd courſe purſue;
For, Mira, we muſt ſtill adore
The charms he cannot ſteal from you.

Th'immortal beauties of the mind
Elude the fell deſtroyer's rage;
The Loves in conſtant youth we find,
The Graces are of every age.

For me while I ſo far am bleſt
To hear thee, and thy ſmiles behold,
A youthful rapture fires my breaſt,
And I forget that I am old.

If I had at this preſent hour
Juſt eighteen ſummers meaſur'd o'er,
I might have longer felt thy power,
But ah! I could not feel it more!

IMITATION OF ARIOSTO

SACRIPANTE'S SOLILOQUY, ORLANDO FURIOSO BOOK I.

(*La Verginella è ſimile alla roſa*)

The modeſt Virgin, like a beauteous roſe
That on it's native ſtalk expands ſo fair,
In the protecting shade ſecurely blows,
Nor flocks can browſe, nor shepherds riot there.
Nurs'd by the kindly ſoil, and gentle rains,
The perfum'd zephyrs, and the dews of morn;
Sought by the love-lorn maids, and graceful ſwains,
Their breaſts to ſcent, or their fair brows adorn.

But from its parent branch if rashly torn,
Too ſoon it's with'ring leaves in air are toſt,
Of Heav'n the pity, and of Earth the ſcorn,
It's grace, it's beauty, and it's pride are loſt.
Thus if ſome rifler pluck that flower away,
More precious far than all her beauty's ſtore;
The humbled Nymph muſt loſe her general ſway,
O'er other breaſts she then can reign no more:

Vile in all eyes but thoſe of him alone
For whom alas! too much she knew to ſpare.
— This, cruel Fortune! prompts my endleſs moan,
To others bliſs, to me thou bring'ſt deſpair!
Yet can my alter'd heart forget to love?
Can I what dearer is than life reſign?
Ah ceaſe this breaſt to glow, this pulſe to move,
And if I am not hers, let Death be mine!

ANOTHER OF THE SAME

MEDORO'S INSCRIPTION BOOK XXIII

(Liete piante, verdi erbe, limpid' acque
Spelonca opaca, e di fredde ombre grata)

Dark cave, that ever doſt cool shades retain,
Gay blooming flow'rs, ſoft herbs, and limpid ſpring,
Where my kind fair, by others lov'd in vain,
Would oft to me her yielding beauties bring.
For all the tranſports which I here have known,
All the dear aids that to your ſcenes belong,
I can repay ye but with verſe alone,
Take then the grateful tribute of my ſong.

And much all gentle lovers I intreat,
Whether of mean or of illuſtrious line,
Trav'lers of every kind, whoſe wand'ring feet
May enter here, to join their vows with mine;
That on this cave, and flow'rs, and herbs, and tide,
The Sun, and Moon, and rural Pow'rs may shed
Their influence kind, from hence conducting wide
All flocks impure, and each unhallow'd tread!

EPIGRAM

OF ANGELO POLITIAN A TUSCAN WRITER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Dum pulchra effertur nigro Simonetta pheretro,
Blandus & exanimi ſpirat in ore lepos;
Nactus amor tempus quo non ſibi turba caveret,
Jecit ab occluſis mille faces oculis,
Mille animos cœpit viventis imagine riſus,
Ac morti inſultans, eſt mea dixit adhuc.

IMITATED

See! on her bier Sophronia calmly laid,
Still in each feature beauty ſhines diſplay'd;
And, unſuſpected by the mourning croud,
Love ſecret lurks beneath the veiling ſhroud,
As tho in ſleep's ſoft arms ſhe lay repoſed,
Still ſends his darts from eyes ſo lately cloſed,
Bids her fair face preſerve it's ſmile divine,
And ſcorning Death, he cries, "ſhe ſtill is mine!"

SONNET

IMITATED FROM PETRARCH

(Levommi il mio penſier in parte ov'era)

ON Fancy's wing to that third Heav'n I flew
Where she whom I on earth ador'd in vain,
In radiant beauty met my dazzled view;
Her charms improv'd, and ſoften'd her diſdain.

Smiling she ſaid, if me you ſtill purſue,
Let not your cheek unceaſing ſorrows ſtain,
But calm content it's welcome reign renew;
Death took me early from a world of pain:

Nor greater bliſs can now my ſoul employ,
* Till that fair veil which ſtill below remains,
And you that lov'd it to my hopes are giv'n;

That union shall ere long compleat my joy:
She ceas'd, or I, ſo rapt'rous were the ſtrains,
Had died with tranſport, and remain'd in Heav'n!

(*) *Il mio bel velo.*

STANZAS ON READING

PETRARCH'S SONNETS

ON THE DEATH OF LAURA

As Philomela's plaintive ſtrain
Charms the dull ear of night,
(What time wide o'er the moonlight plain,
Veil'd from the curious ſight,
In thickeſt bow'r she pours her lay,
And mourns her offspring torn away;)
Warbling a more ſeducing ſong
Than can to other birds belong,
Who, ſtrangers to the thrilling force of woe,
For joy alone command their ſprightlier notes to flow.

So Petrarch, when o'er Laura's bier,
Too early doom'd to die,
He drops the never-ceaſing tear,
And heaves the conſtant ſigh,
Does far, far more our thoughts engage
While ſad we turn th'infectious page,
Than Bards in whoſe more labor'd lines
The glare of wit for ever shines,
Who only boaſt, great ſummit of their art,
To raiſe the tranſient ſmile, not fire the throbbing heart.

And while, amid the Tuſcan plains,
My raptur'd thought purſues
Thro' all her Poet's various ſtrains
The treaſures of th' Italian Muſe,
O Petrarch, thy congenial lays
Still moſt my meeting tranſports raiſe,
For I like thee a ſlave to Love
Too oft his reſtleſs torments prove;
Could I like thee effuſe the melting theme,
That Beauty's pitying eye might o'er my ſorrows ſtream!

But as 'tis aweful Heavn's beheſt
To damp the Poet's boaſt,
That they ſhall ſtill " paint ſorrow beſt "
Who know to " feel it moſt, "
May no ſuch ſad exceſs of woe
E'er prompt my mournful ſtrain to flow,
Ne'er may I ſee my Stella's breath
Like Laura's yield to ruthleſs Death;
Ere ſuch event my feeble ſong inſpire,
Stop'd be my vital flood, and quench'd the Muſe's fire!

VERSES

To M.rs PIOZZI

PLACED UNDER A PRINT OF D.r JOHNSON IN HER DINING ROOM.

From Earth retired, and all its empty cares,
In brighter ſcenes my raptur'd ſpirit ſhares
The rich rewards that here attend the bleſt,
Their holy tranſports, and their ſainted reſt.
For this ſo long, in yon dim ſpot confin'd,
I gave the nobleſt efforts of my mind,
Religion's, Truth's, and Virtue's cauſe ſuſtain'd;
(For ne'er my page licentious vice prophan'd)
And in theſe bleſt abodes my thoughts embrace
With fond affection ſtill the human race,
Still in my breaſt it's wonted ardors glow,
And many a wish I frame for thoſe below;
But chief for thee, fair Friendſhip's ſacred flame
Unquench'd by Death for ever burns the ſame.
While, to the British Muſes loſt ſo long,
Far off you liſten to Italian Song,
Drooping their abſent Patroneſs they mourn,
And Fear ſuggeſts you never will return;

But not I truſt with ſuch ſupreme delight
You hear ſome Hero, panting for the fight,
Trill out his noble rage and fierce diſdain
In the ſoft quavers of an Eunuch's ſtrain,
For, each juſt claim allow'd to nice Virtû,
Yet ſtill methinks ſome ſmall regrets are due
To martyr'd Senſe, mid crouds exulting round,
In ſolemn pomp a ſacrifice to Sound!
Nor can the Manners, falſely call'd refin'd,
Obtain the ſanction of your chaſter mind;
A Britiſh female, nurs'd in Virtue's lore,
And early taught her maxims to adore,
Beholds with horror Hymen's ſacred tye
By Intereſt form'd, and broke by Gallantry!
If then a once lov'd friend may dare adviſe,
Short be thy ſtay beneath thoſe ſouthern skies.
Lo Britain courts thee!—in thy native Isle
The Virtues flourish, and the Graces ſmile.
If ſcenes theatric can thy mind engage,
There Shakſpeare's mighty ſpirit fills the ſtage;
A Siddons there the captive boſom thrills,
And melts to pity, or with horror chills:
Or there, if ſocial pleaſures more invite,
Free converſe offers unreſtrain'd delight;
Unknown each tyrant prejudice that binds
In other Countries ſubjugated minds,
The ſpirit wide diffuſed of equal laws
Exalts the humble, and the haughty awes,

Thro ev'ry rank the liberal flame is spread,
And conſcious Independence lifts the head,
While honor'd Merit ſees her crouded court
Of Commoners and lords the mix'd reſort!
Yet, ere you from Italian plains depart,
Go view the monuments of antient Art,
Whate'er adorns famed Arno's flow'ry ſide,
Or Tiber's waves reflect with claſſic pride;
And all you ſee, to judge what's good or fair,
With the pure models in your breaſt compare!
* Nor let th' alluring joys of Taſte refin'd
That task e'er banish from thy ſtedfaſt mind,
That mournful task I once bequeath'd to thee,
Which now th 'impatient World expects to ſee:
With open zeal the generous care avow,
Once my kind friend, be my hiſtorian now.
If aught can add to the ſeraphic bliſs
When worth in that world meets reward in this,
Tis to behold fair Friendship's ſelf beſtow
The precious meed of ſacred Fame below,
The cenſer when her faithful hand ſupplies
It wafts more grateful incenſe to the skies!

JOHNSON

* *M.rs Piozzi is now employ'd in preparing for the preſs* " *Anecdotes of the laſt twenty years of the life of D.r Johnſon* ".

SONNET

WHen Emma firſt I ſaw, divinely fair,
On Arno's banks ſhe gaily ſeem'd to rove,
Her azure eye was full of joy and love,
And ſportive ringlets grace'd her auburn hair.

Fatal reverſe! now clouded with deſpair
Is that ſweet brow, all ſad ſhe ſeeks the grove,
With ſorrow ſwollen eye, and, like the dove,
Bewails her mate, with breaſt of heaving care.

Nor do I cauſe, nor can I cure her woe;
Alas! not I: were mine the ſoothing art,
Endleſs embraces ſhould relief beſtow.

Too much her cheerful mien inflam'd my heart;
But now thoſe pearly tears inceſſant flow,
My tortur'd ſoul muſt feel inceſſant ſmart.

ODE
ON A
DISTANT PROSPECT OF ROME
IRREGULAR.

YE awful wrecks of ancient days,
Proud monuments of ages paſt,
Now mould'ring in decay!
Vainly ye glitter in the parting rays!
Alas! like ev'ry fleeting blaſt,
Your ſplendor haſtes away:
Yet yonder Sun, with equal beam,
Has glow'd on Tiber's yellow ſtream,
Has glow'd upon thoſe dread remains,
Stupendous Arcs, and tott'ring fanes,
When Rome of old, terrific Queen,
High placed on Vict'ry's ſounding car,
With arm ſublime, and martial mien,
Brandish'd the flaming lance of war;
Low crouch'd in duſt lay Afric's ſwarthy crowd,
And ſilken Aſia ſunk, and barb'rous Britain bow'd.

Ah! what avails thy fame?
Vain Miſtreſs of the world!
Where are the legions now, that took the field
In all the pomp of warlike pride,

The cloſe-form'd Cavalry, the Cohort wide?
To time invincible they yield.
The chiefs alone have left a name,
The reſt to dark oblivion hurl'd:
Yet, like the tranſient meteors of an hour,
Were e'en the Heroes of thy haughty line,
Whoſe boſoms felt the ſacred luſt of pow'r,
From wolf-nurs'd Romulus, to Chriſtian Conſtantine.

To fancy's retroſpective eye
What viſionary forms appear!
* There bloody Nero dooms mankind to die;
Depraved Tiberius madly riots here;
Aſpiring Didius brings his gold,
And lo! th' indignant Empire's ſold;
Hark thro' th' aſtonish'd Senate's dome,
The ſpreading murmurs run,
That ſpeak a deed of glory done;
'Twas Cæſar fell, ſtern Brutus gave
A death to him he wish'd to ſave.
Proudly methinks ye roam,
Patriot Conſpirators! and waving high
Thy banners fair are ſeen, celeſtial liberty!

Now too I turn my eager ſight
To long-paſt ſcenes of vain delight,
Where Exultation wakes the note;

(*) *Theſe hiſtorical facts are introduced without any regard to chronological exactneſs.*

The voice of triumph fills the air,
And rapt'rous meaſures wildly float,
Mixt with the wailings of deſpair;
See advance the throne of gold,
And the fiery ſteeds behold,
While the fetter'd monarchs groan,
While the female captives moan;
There with vict'ry's garland graced,
Is the mighty Conqueror placed;
Rome, that humbles greateſt Kings,
There her vanquish'd treaſure brings;
All, that pride unbounded knows,
In the general boſom glows;
Trophies ſpread of conquer'd towns,
Laurel wreaths, and ravish'd crowns,
Glory's shout, and muſick's lays,
Join to ſwell the Hero's praiſe;
This is Rome's diſtinguish'd hour,
Shows her wealth, and ſpeaks her pow'r.
But long, alas! the gorgeous ſcene is o'er;
Her grandeur paſt, she charms no more;
Yet mournful Memory ſtill reveres
With watry eye, and heaving breaſt,
Th' illuſtrious greatneſs of her brighter years,
When half the then-known world her ſway ſupreme confeſt.

Again methinks the roſtrum pours
A ſtream of claſſic eloquence around;
The liſt'ning multitude adores,

Won by the captivating ſound;
And as the nervous periods riſe,
Amazed conviction opes her eyes;
Tis Tully, Orator divine!
Indignant utters truth ſevere,
That ſtrikes with deep diſmay the conſcious ear
Of shameleſs Antony, and deſp'rate Cataline.

There too unhallow'd Worship wore
An ideot mask of yore;
But tho' in error's fatal cloud,
E'en Paganiſm yet avow'd
One God ſupreme, almighty Jove,
O blind miſtaken Zeal!
How waſt thou wont to kneel,
Before th' unworthy shrine
By ignorant mortals deem'd divine;
How did'ſt thou ſupplicating rove
From Mars with lifted ſpear,
From Pluto all-ſevere,
To hail the God of light,
With ray benignly bright,
Or melting lyre, or bended bow;
To Pallas, Saturn, and the throng
Of countleſs deities below,
And Bacchus ever young.
But now theſe Phantoms all are fled,
The myſtic Oracles, and Augurs dread.

Enlighten'd Europe with diſdain,
Beholds the rev'renc'd heathen train,
Nor names them more in this her clearer day
Unleſs with fabled force to raiſe the poet's lay.

What viſions preſs my aching ſight,
Of foreign war, domeſtic fight,
Of luxury vain, it's end deſtroy'd
E'en by the means itſelf employ'd,
Of public pleaſures ſtain'd with blood,
Of harden'd Tyranny, with eye ſevere,
Who midſt his ſlaughter'd ſubjects ſtood,
Nor felt a blush, nor drop'd a tear.
Yet ſure, whatever great has been,
Whate'er majeſtic, or ſublime;
Has marked the Roman regiſter of time;
Lo! yonder is the alter'd ſcene
By ruthleſs Deſtiny's decree become
The feeble shadow now of once imperial Rome.

But Art ſtill there delights to ſtray,
Reflecting on her changeful day,
To think what whilom Egypt brought,
And all that perfect Athens taught,
To mark, in hoary pride elate
The famed Pantheon's awful ſtate,
And while the wond'rous pile she views,
The vigor of her youth renews;

E'en as the Phenix shows her creſt
Reviving on her fun'ral neſt;
And moſt admir'd, where ancient ſtructures riſe,
The loved Apoſtle's Dome high tow'ring ſeeks the skies.

Now busy Thought diſcerns the shade
Where Horace! erſt thy limbs were laid,
And ſweetly flow'd the lyric verſe,
Which only thou hadſt pow'r to breathe,
Crown'd by the grateful Muſe's wreath.
O there again rehearſe
Gay ſongs to Lalage the fair,
With wanton eye, and floating hair;
When winter brought his chilling woes,
When Summer's baleful heats aroſe,
Her preſence could each hour beguile,
With winning voice, and rapt'rous ſmile.
And Virgil too shall join
His manly lays to thine,
The Sabine wine of brighteſt glow,
The rich Falernum there shall flow,
Phillis shall jocund beat the ground
Her locks with ivy chaplets bound,
And fleeting Time shall think he ſees reſtor'd
The laughing ſcenes he loved, the days he moſt ador'd.

But ah! how ſadly changed
How dreary is the plain!

Beneath the groves where learning ranged;
Beneath the calm retreats of love,
Where once the rosy-boſom'd hours
Sweet Pleaſure's train were fond to rove,
And cull gay Nature's faireſt flow'rs;
Amid the vales where Valour glow'd,
And oft his crimſon current flow'd;
Amid the wide domain
Where wealth unbounded ruled of yore;
The human breaſt exults no more,
For ſorrowing Time with ſcythe ſevere
Has wreck'd unwilling vengeance here.
Lo! Poverty with numbing hand
Spreads deſolation round,
E'en Agriculture hence is fled,
And yonder melancholy band
Can ſcarcely force the niggard ground
To yield them ſcanty bread.
Let Pride here pauſe awhile to gaze
With grief unfeign'd, and ſad amaze,
So ſhall his humbled heart confeſs
That wealth, and pow'r, each earthly ſcheme,
Is ſhadowy as the way-worn Trav'ler's dream,
* That human hope is vain, and tranſient, happineſs.

(*) *The original ſketch of the above Ode was written in a ſituation not far diſtant from Rome and under the immediate impreſſion of thoſe ideas which it attempts to deſcribe.*

SONETTO

O! tremulante, ameno zeffiretto,
Che in compagnia di mezzanotte vieni,
Fin a Madonna il corſo tuo mantieni,
Poi mori là ſul ſuo nevoſo petto.

Tu vago Augel, che ſotto il verde tetto
Nell' aer buio il dolce canto tieni,
De' tuoi compagni teco il coro meni,
Mentre empi del tuo ſuono il bel boſchetto.

Intanto, là nel ciel, l'errante luna,
Per abbellir il taciturno orrore,
Pinge co' raggi l'atmosfera bruna.

Io ſol dell' Idol mio piango il rigore;
Ogni più bel piacer, che quì s'aduna,
Per me ſi cangia in noia, ed in dolore.

IMITATION

O gentle Gale! could I thy flight arreſt,
Thou ſoft Companion of the midnight hour!
I'd bid thee chear with thy refreshing pow'r
My abſent Fair, and die upon her breaſt.

Sweet plaintive Bird that now forſak'ſt thy neſt!
Fair Queen of night that now aloft doſt tow'r!
Hers be the ſong, and hers the moon-light bow'r,
No more alas! can I with theſe be bleſt.

Ah once-loved objects which to joy invite!
For me you shed your ſoothing charms in vain,
While that fair form no more enchants my ſight.

My lyre I tune, but mournful is the ſtrain;
All that to other breaſts imparts delight,
Can only bring to me increaſe of pain!

SONETTO

Fonte, fallace quanto tu ſei chiaro!
Ieri la forma di mia Donna altera
Pingeſti, ed a che pro? ſe meco ell'era;
E allor baſtava il vero oggetto caro.

Or, che ſon ſolo, involto in duol amaro,
Vado cercando, in van, per la riviera,
Quel che ſi ben vi ſcorſi ſulla ſera,
L'imagine di lei che non ha paro.

Perchè mi nieghi tu, bella ſorgente!
Di rivedere, almen nell'acqua pura,
La Diva che mi ſta ſcolpita in mente?

Ah! tu ſomigli quei, che di ventura,
Ci ſieguono, ſe ſplende il dì lucente,
E c'abbandonan' quand'il ciel s'oſcura.

TRANSLATION

O lucid Fountain! e'en as falſe as clear,
But yeſterday on thy reflecting tide,
I ſaw the maid I love, in beauty's pride:
Ah why? for then her lovely ſelf was here.

Yet now alas! a prey to grief ſevere,
I tread, with lonely ſtep, thy flow'ry ſide;
Wherefore by thee, is now her form denied;
The peerleſs form of her I moſt revere.

Why, ſilver wave! doſt thou refuſe to show,
Upon thy mirrour fair, that angel face,
Which from my faithful mind can never go?

Thou too art like the deſpicable race
Who court the bright day's beams that gaily glow,
But whom dark-riſing clouds for ever chaſe.

SONG

WHen Jove call'd a council fair FLORENCE to name,
His Conſort ſtood foremoſt in right of her claim;
To tempt him with dignity, virtue, and grace,
She promis'd a Princeſs of Catalon race:
Jove could not refuſe, but diſtreſs'd by delay,
Saw Deſtiny triumph o'er merit and ſway.

Now Venus ſtept forward not doubting to move
His partial affections by beauty, and love;
Each charm she diſplay'd but th' inflexible ſire
Bid her leave her beſt ſtatue, and quickly retire;
Content o'er gay Venice her empire to hold,
By cuſtom unbridled, by laws uncountroul'd.

This ſentence encourag'd pale Dian to dare,
But bashfulneſs check'd, and her ſpirits deſpair;
Now banish'd to Britain, well pleas'd she reſides
Near Loddon's cool current, and Thames's green ſides;
Her creſcent o'er Windſor's fam'd turret diſplays,
And Modeſty liſtens to Chaſtity's praiſe.

Next Pallas proteſted that if they'd ſubmit
To her, they ſhould never be wanting in wit;
She talk'd of Petrarca her favourite ſon,
Said GREATHEED ſhould finish what *he* had begun:
Then nam'd his two Friends, but there Jove ſtopt her tongue,
Or the Goddeſs had lengthen'd till midnight her ſong.

Young Flora meanwhile from her unfading Bow'rs
Compoſing a garland let fall a few flow'rs;
The bright British Nymph who now wears them can tell,
For she choſe to reſide on the ſpot where they fell:
The Roſes ſtill ſerve to adorn her fine hair,
And FLORENCE was call'd ſo from FLORA the fair.

THYRSIS AND DAPHNE

A BALLAD

'Twas in a dark embow'rd retreat
Beneath yon gloomy pines,
Pale Thyrſis ſate, while at his feet
Fam'd Arno's current ſhines.

His tears increas'd the flood below,
His ſighs the paſſing gale;
As thus in notes of artleſs woe
He pour'd his plaintive tale.

" Break, break, my agonizing heart,
" Then ſhall I find repoſe;
" And Daphne from my thoughts depart,
" Fair cauſe of all my woes!

" When Spring ſo late the ſcene had dreſt,
" Along theſe banks we rov'd;
" And many a melting glance confeſs'd
" That Thyrſis was belov'd.

" Then would she ſay while I, bleſt youth!
" Gaz'd on her charms divine;
" O Thyrſis! do not doubt my truth,
" I will be ever thine.

" But now a richer ſwain's prefer'd,
" Her father ſo commands,
" And she conſents, this day I heard
" The Prieſt shall join their hands.

" For Av'rice in this venal age
" Not only rules the old,
" But ſoft-eyed Virgins feel it's rage,
" And love is bought and ſold.

" Farewell falſe maid — for theſe ſad eyes
" Shall ne'er thy triumph ſee,
" Nor my proud rival hear my ſighs,
" But Death shall ſet me free! "

Thus while he ſpoke, gay founds repeat
The hated nuptials wide;
He heard — and, ſtarting from his ſeat,
Plung'd headlong in the tide.

Three times the shrill-voic'd lark had ſung
His chearful matin ſtrain,
And thrice the ſun retiring flung
His beams acroſs the plain.

When Daphne and her Bridegroom gay
To breathe the fresh air ſtray'd,
Where winds the ſtream it's ſilver way
Beneath the greenwood ſhade.

As here they wander'd ſide by ſide,
Soft Pleaſure was their theme;
Till on it's watry bier they ſpied
A Corſe float down the ſtream.

And now upon the river's brim
All motionleſs it lay,
Grim Death on each cold ſtiffen'd limb
Sate brooding o'er his prey.

And ghaſtly pale it's features were,
The glowing life-blush fled;
So pale at eve thro' miſty air
The wan moon lifts her head.

But what dire anguish Daphne prov'd,
When, as she nearer drew,
The features of the man she lov'd
Met her aſtonish'd view!

For then too late the love return'd
Which ſtifled was before,
And while remorſe increaſing burn'd,
Her tortur'd boſom tore.

She cried, with horror's frantic ſtart,
" My True-love I have ſlain,
" Ill fated youth! his conſtant heart
" Was broken by diſdain.

" For gold I left my much-lov'd boy
" A wealthier ſwain to wed;
In gold I fondly hop'd for joy:
Alas! that hope is fled.

" Hark, hark, he calls his promis'd wife
" His flight I will purſue;
" For tho I have been falſe in life,
" In death I will be true."

Then falling on her lover's breaſt,
She claſp'd his breathleſs clay;
And thrice his livid cheek she preſs'd,
And ſigh'd her ſoul away.

Taught by this tale, ye shepherds, hate
The mercenary fair;
If on falſe vows ſuch vengeance wait,
Ye faithleſs maids, beware.

THE DEATH OF AMYNTOR.

A BALLAD

Occaſion'd by the unhappy fate of M.r Le Cointre of Geneva who was kill'd by a fall from a precipice in Savoy, the author having been one of the party that was with him at Chamouni.

CEaſe, ceaſe, ye Bards! wild tales to weave
Of exquiſite diſtreſs,
That teach the tender ſoul to grieve,
With horror's dire exceſs.

For oft o'er your *fictitious* lay
Soft Pity's ſorrows flow,
Till none th' exhauſted fount can pay
To ſcenes of *real* woe.

Too *true* a tale my artleſs ſtrain
Sad Mem'ry bids relate;
And † LEMAN's Nymphs, a mournful train,
Still weep AMYNTOR's fate.

(†) *One name of the lake of Geneva.*

For Science, and for Freedom fam'd,
GENEVA gave him birth;
Of manners pure, and life unblam'd,
A youth of paſſing worth.

Diſtinguish'd midſt a hardy race,
To deeds of danger prone;
The * Chamois' giddy path to trace,
Or ſwim the rapid Rhone.

Till one ſad day his peaceful home
Ill-fated he forſook,
And, mid the dreary Alps to roam,
His way wide-wand'ring took.

† Great ſource of mighty rivers, there
The ſnows their urns ſupply;
Primeval mountains there appear,
That prop th' incumbent sky.

(*) *The Chamois is an animal peculiar to the Alps and ſcarce ever found but among very dangerous precipices — Swimming the Rhone is extremely hazardous on account of it's rocky bed and great impetuoſity.*

(†) *The ſources of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Teſſino, the Reuſs, and the Aar, are all within a few miles of each other, in the neighbor-hood of Mont S.t Gothard, and that of the Danube tho' known under another name is not far diſtant — The Po comes from another part of the Alps — The torrents of inferior note are innumerable.*

§ From their proud tops, which clouds enfold,
Untrod by human feet,
Down to the vale the ice is roll'd,
And braves the Dog-ſtar's heat.

Gliſt'ning between the darkſome pines,
That cloathe the mountain's ſide,
The wintry maſs united ſhines
With Ceres' golden pride.

And now was ſeen a ſprightlier throng
In CHAMOUNI's ſweet vale,
Than yet e'er rov'd her ſhades among,
Or met the mountain gale.

† High MONTANVERT's ſteep ſides around
With joy their boſoms beat;
Some like the friſking Chamois bound,
Some drag their weary feet.

(§) *The Glaciers deſcend from the tops of the higheſt Alps to the bottom of the vallies and preſerve the hardneſs of a rock in the midſt of Auguſt — M.r Cox, in his tour thro' Switzerland, ſays it is literally true that he could in ſome places put one hand on the ice, and the other on the ripe harveſt.*

(†) *Montanvert being the eaſieſt of acceſs of all the mountains that ſurround the vale of Chamouni is the firſt object of the curious traveller.*

But what can earth-born joys avail?
For ſoon, too ſoon they fly,
More tranſient than the ſun-beam pale
Darts thro a murky sky!

* Twas where the granite ſpires ariſe,
A wild tremendous ſcene!
Far, far below the vale of ice
Winds the drear cliffs between.

Each aweful charm by Nature shewn
Impatient to behold,
Long had Amyntor ſtray'd alone
Too curious, and too bold.

§ Dark was the night — the tempeſt grew,
The thunder shook the ground —
The pale guides, mid the light'nings blue,
Sought the wild rocks around.

(*) *The higheſt points of the mountain call'd the needles — the valley of Ice winds a length of ſeveral leagues among the moſt hideous precipices, and is between 2 and 3,000 feet higher than the plain of Chamouni.*

(§) *Theſe circumſtances are all exactly true, and this little poem is nothing more than a plain narrative of what happen'd — it would have been easy to have embelliſh'd it by fiction, but the author prefer'd not to depart from the aweful ſimplicity of the fact.*

With unclos'd eyes in ſad diſmay
His friends the tidings wait;
— Too ſoon, at morn's unwelcome ray,
They knew his dreadful fate.

Where on a vaſt ſtupendous height
Their eyries eagles raiſe,
And eye the radiant ſource of light
Amid his nearer blaze.

From thence the youth with headlong force,
(O direful tale of woe!)
Fell, like a meteor's rapid courſe,
Upon the rock below.

By mountain peaſants roughly borne,
Laid on a ſimple bier,
Their frigid boſoms learn'd to mourn,
Their eyes to drop the tear.

But how ſhall the ſad Muſe impart
The deeper pangs that rend
† The Mother's, and the Siſter's heart,
For Brother, Son, and Friend!

The vacant ſtare, the ſtruggling ſighs,
That ſpeak the Matron's grief;
The floods that flow from Beauty's eyes,
Yet cannot bring relief!

(†) *His mother and ſiſter were of the party.*

ODE
TO
DUEL

AVaunt, thou Fiend accurſt!
Back to thy ſavage anceſtors return,
To dwell for ever with inteſtine diſcord,
There where fierce Alaric,
Surrounded by his ruthleſs Chiefs,
Pollutes the barb'rous feaſt with ſocial gore.

Would thou hadſt perish'd then,
When, beckon'd by the frantic Eremite,
Tancred, and Raymond, and the valiant Godfrey,
Led their accoutred Knights
Againſt the unknown Saracen,
Diſpeopling Europe to waſte Aſia's plains.

But if thou ſtill wilt ſtay,
Recall Ordeal, with the glowing shares,
And Tournaments, and Champions sheath'd in iron;
Let ſuch compoſe thy train:
Offspring of feudal Anarchy!
Thou ne'er shouldſt be without thy gothic Sire.

Achaia knew thee not:
When Agamemnon claim'd the *bright-cheek'd Maid,
And with rash words incens'd the ſon of Peleus;
The Hero in his wrath,
Let Hector humble the proud King,
But never ting'd his ſword with Grecian blood.

Nor didſt thou e'er appear
While Tiber's ſons gave laws to all the earth;
Yet much they lov'd to deſolate, and ſlaughter;
Carthage, atteſt my words!
To glut their ſanguinary rage,
Not Citizens, but Gladiators fell.

Slav'ry, and Vaſſalage,
And ſavage Broils, 'twixt Nobles are no more;
Vanish thou likewiſe from enlighten'd Europe;
Be thy wild deeds forgot;
Or only noted in the page,
That we may learn the progreſs of Mankind.

(*) Βρισηιδα καλλιπαρηον. *Homer.*

TO

M.rs PIOZZI

When Epic heroes took the field,
The fav'ring deities, at hand,
Attended with protecting shield,
And gave inſtruction, or command.
The Nine alike beſtow their flame
To warm poetic ſons of fame:
Thus Pallas calm'd Achilles' ire,
And Homer felt the Muſe's fire.

E'en ſo when PARSONS pours his lay,
Correctly wild, or ſweetly ſtrong;
When GREATHEED charms the liſt'ning day,
With English, or Italian ſong.
Or when with trembling wing I try,
Like ſome ſad wounded bird to fly,
Your foſt'ring ſmiles you ne'er refuſe,
But are the Pallas, and the Muſe.

Yes like the Muſe your boſom glows.
When your ſtrong fancy breathes aloud,
Minerva too directs your proſe,
While you inſtruct th' attentive crowd.
But ſofter cares your ſoul divide,
And weeks unſung, unnotic'd glide,
'Tis thus the Sun retires from ſight,
That we may more adore his light.

You read the heart with piercing eye,
And mark each various feeling there,
With pleaſure, and with sympathy,
It's tranſports, and it's woes can share.
You too by fond experience prove,
The virtuous bliſs of Piozzi's love;
Who, while his breaſt Affection warms,
With merit heightens Muſick's charms.

O then accept this verſe ſincere!
Nor yet deride my ruſtic reed!
But pitying ſtay awhile to hear,
For pity ſure is folly's meed!
The good, the lib'ral, and the kind,
Poſſeſs a tolerating mind,
Nor view the Madman with a frown,
Becauſe of ſtraw he weaves a crown.

ODE

TO

M.RS GREATHEED

O bleſt with Taſte, with Genius bleſt,
Sole Miſtreſs of thy BERTIE's breaſt,
Who to his love-enraptur'd arms art given,
The rich reward his virtues claim from Heaven!
What tho amid this wreath of flowers
Poetic, cull'd from Tuſcan bowers,
In union twin'd at Friendſhip's mild command,
None boaſt the *gath'ring* of thy gentle hand;
Their bloſſoms yet you help'd to raiſe,
And fed them with the dew of praiſe;
Yet did your nice perceptive ſenſe exclude
Weeds of diſguſting ſcent, or ſemblance rude.
Can then my harsh, and tuneleſs lyre,
Misled by ardent zeal aſpire
With rough addreſs to court thy critic ear?
Yes — for from thee I dread no frowns ſevere,
While Wit enthron'd on Judgement's baſe,
Is temper'd by each milder grace;
And ſuch the bias of thy vig'rous mind,
To Friendſhip's failings only thou art blind!

O ſtill may Hymen's flame improve
Fann'd by the purple wings of Love,
While led thro Gallic, or Italian plains,
A British pair his bliſsful pow'r maintains!
Behold the ſoft voluptuous fair,
Tho deck'd with pearls, and jewels rare,
How poor, how low, by ANNA's modeſt ſide,
Adorn'd with conſcious worth, and honor's pride.
So when chaſte Dian, mounting high,
Diſplays her full orb'd majeſty,
Loſt in her blaze the twinkling ſtars retire,
And Venus pales her meretricious fire!
And when at Mercy's throne I bend,
The boon I ask is ſuch a friend,
On my remaining hours of life to ſmile,
In diſtant Albion, that moſt favor'd ſoil,
Where thrives the plant domeſtic joy,
Which Paſſion's guſts shall ne'er deſtroy,
While ſweet oblivion drowns preceding time,
And the vain pleaſures of this ſofter clime!

ODE
TO
SUMMER

JOy to thee, bright-hair'd Summer! much I love
To gaze upon thy full-blown beauty's pride,
As thro' Val d' Arno's gloom,
I take my lonely way.

What time dun-veſted Night her deep repoſe
Reluctant leaves, chaſed by the jocund dawn,
And incoherent ſong
Of wild Pan's reſtleſs reed.

Now the fierce Sun uprears his flaming shield,
And mounts in martial pomp his eaſtern car;
Foreſts, and tow'ring hills,
Start from the golden blaze.

While ſtreams, of yore renown'd, with clear blue wave
Reflect his orient locks, and far away,
Fair, but inconſtant Spring,
Gathers her ſweets, and flies.

I ſee thee triumph o'er th' inactive plain,
When ruddy Noon obeys thy ſultry pow'r,
And ſtretch'd in thoughtleſs eaſe,
The toil-worn peaſant lies.

'Tis then I ſeek the thick-wall'd cloiſter's ſhade,
And from ſome nook obſerve the languid flocks;
Or by the gray fly ſtung,
The bounding heifer's rage.

Or hear the light * Cicala's ceaſeleſs din
That vibrates ſhrill; or the near-weeping brook,
That feebly winds along,
And mourns her channel ſhrunk.

(*) *A ſpecies of fly well known in the ſouthern parts of Europe, by the noiſe it makes during the hotteſt hours of the ſultry months: This inſect has a broad, blunt head, with a prominent eye, on the extremity of each ſide, and three leſs conſpicuous eyes that form a triangle in the middle. It has four tranſparent wings that cover the body like a roof. The Organs whence the ſhrill, rough cry proceeds, are found in the males only, the females being mute. Theſe Organs conſiſt of two parchment-like membranes, one on each ſide of the belly, under the hard ſcales with wich the inſect is caſed. This clamorous fly is about an inch and a half long, and half an inch broad. It is the latin Cicada,*

Sole ſub ardenti reſonant arbuſta Cicadis. *Virg.*

NB. the Cicala is remarkably light in proportion to it's ſize.

As the proud day retires, the weſtern hills
Adorn their varied ridge with shad'wy forms,
While freſh'ning Zephyr comes
To fan the cheek of Eve.

And lo! the wand'ring virgin of the sky,
As thro' the azure vault ſupreme she ſails,
Scatters her ſilv'ry beam
And points th' Horizon's bound

While warbled meaſures fill the panting gale,
The * Lucciola, beſide each dark'ning grove,
His momentary lamp,
Alternate shows, and hides.

(*) *An inſect of the beetle kind, which abounds in Italy at the beginning of Summer, and is rather larger than a common fly. The caſes of its wings are nearly black, and half of the belly towards the extremity is of a cinder colour. This is the shining part of the Inſect, but it differs from all others of the luminous kind, becauſe it's light is not continual, but emitted by ſudden flashes, as it flies. If crushed it leaves a luſtre upon the ſpot for a conſiderable time, from whence we may conclude it to be of a phoſphoric nature.*

Or leads the lovers to ſome ſecret bow'r,
And flits around, and darts his mimic ray
Upon the maiden's breaſt,
And lights th' adoring eye.

O vagrant inſect! type of our short life,
'Tis thus we shine, and vanish from the view;
For the cold ſeaſon comes,
And all our luſtre's o'er.

Yet ſtay awhile ſweet Summer! nor too ſoon
Avert thy blushing face, but cheer the hind
With gifts, that Plenty pours
From her redundant horn.

ODE
TO
WINTER

O welcome to my ſoul congenial Pow'r!
Rough Winter hail! I love thy hoary locks,
Thy tempeſt-breathing ſighs,
The deluge of thy tears.

The foreſt ſhrinks beneath thine iron rod,
And the ſad herds a faithleſs ſhelter ſeek,
Where the time-moulder'd tow'r,
Hangs tott'ring o'er the plain.

They raiſe their wiſtful eyes that ſeem t'upbraid
The ruthleſs ſeaſon; while the raven cries,
From ſolitary tree,
With hoarſe, and mournful note.

High * Fieſolè, of the bright mantle ſpoil'd
That once he wore with Flora's brede adorn'd,
In many a low'ring cloud,
Enwraps his ſullen breaſt.

(*) *A ſmall town ſituated on the ſummit of a mountain in the vicinity of Florence, it was the Fæſula of the ancients, of which there are yet ſome remains.*

Nor longer Arno winds a ſtealing courſe
Thro' laughing meads, but on ſwift eddies borne,
His rude diſcordant tide
Rolls to the weſtern deep.

This is my fav'rite hour of bliſs ſevere,
To me more grateful, than the gaudy time,
When vocal Spring awakes
Her gaily-painted flowers.

Than when red Summer glares with ſultry gaze
On the parch'd hills, or ſallow Autumn throws
His golden treaſure round,
And drains the purple vine.

Amidſt the dreary Appenines I hear
The tumbling rocks increaſe the torrent's roar,
And the wide-ranging wolf
Howl on the mountain's ſide.

While Echo, ſtarting from her icy bed,
Mimicks the uproar wild, and Fancy comes
In pilgrim robe array'd,
And waves her magic wand.

Lo! at her call the fairy viſions riſe,
That calm the ſenſe of woe, Remembrance brings
The mirrour of the paſt,
And ſober Reaſon reigns.

Where are the jocund hours of wanton Mirth
That late beguil'd my youth, where are the friends
That join'd the choral lay,
When life's fair morn began?

Perchance they chaſe the fleeting pleaſures ſtill,
Nor caſt one thought on him who liſtens here
To the wild ſtorm, and woos
Grim midnight to his arms.

Then welcome to my ſoul congenial Power!
Rough Winter hail! I love thy hoary locks,
Thy tempeſt-breathing ſighs,
The deluge of thy tears.

*THE STORY OF FRANCESCA

FROM THE FIFTH CANTO OF

DANTE'S INFERNO

" or ſon venuto
La dove molto pianto mi percuote "

A FREE TRANSLATION

AND now a ſcene I view'd where chearful day
Ne'er yet beſtow'd one joy-inſpiring ray,
But mingled groans invade my ſtartled ear,
Like the dread ſounds affrighted ſailors hear,
When warring winds with adverſe fury ſweep
The undulating boſom of the deep:

(*) *For the information of ſuch english readers as happen not to have read Dante, it may be neceſſary to ſay that this Poem is an allegorical fiction of his being conducted by Virgil to the infernal regions — He often occaſionally introduces hiſtorical facts, among which is this ſtory of Franceſca, the daughter of Guido da Polenta lord of Ravenna, under whoſe government Dante paſs'd the cloſe of his life. Franceſca was married to Lancelot the ſon of Malateſta lord of Rimini a gallant and brave man, but deform'd, haughty and ungraceful; in which*

So, blended all, I heard the diſtant yells
Of ſouls whom that infernal blaſt impells,
And as it whirls along their rapid courſe,
Inflicts new tortures with increaſing force;
Till, here arriv'd, with more diſtinguish'd ſound,
Shrill ſhrieks of woe, and blaſphemies abound.
To this abhorred ſpot are thoſe convey'd,
Who were on earth by ſenſual Luſt betray'd;
Seen from afar as clouds of ſtarlings ſail,
Unnumber'd borne upon the wintry gale;
Huddled, confus'd, along they ſeem to go,
* Drifted, both here, and there, above, below;
Baniſh'd all hope that e'er their grief ſhould ceaſe,
Grief that admits nor ſolace, nor decreaſe.
But as they nearer throng th'aereal way,
Like cranes they come in regular array;

his Brother Paulo was exactly his oppoſite, being handſome, affable, and of elegant manners. The reſemblance of character between Franceſca and Paulo, and the frequent opportunities they had of being together, gave birth to a violent paſſion for each other, which produced an inceſtuous commerce, that continued till it was diſcover'd by the huſband, and ended by his killing them with the ſame blow in the very moment of their guilty pleaſure.

(*) *Di quà, di là, di sù, di giù li mena.*

And as thoſe birds ſend forth inceſſant moans,
Through the dark air reſound their piercing groans.
" What hapleſs victims theſe condemn'd to share
" Eternal pangs of comfortleſs deſpair? "
Curious I ask'd, and Virgil thus replied,
" The firſt an Empreſs, and her ſway was wide,
" In ſin triumphant, deſtitute of shame,
" All vice she foſter'd, to remove the blame
" Of her own deeds, the marriage couch she ſtain'd
" With blood, and after murder'd Ninus, reign'd.
" The next is she who preſs'd the funeral pyre,
" Falſe to Sichœus' shade, and prey to new deſire.
" Then Cleopatra, and the wanton dame
" For whom proud Ilion's turrets ſunk in flame,
" Achilles next, who to his lateſt hour
" Felt, and unwilling own'd Love's mighty pow'r.
" Paris and * Triſtan — Numbers more appear
" By the ſame maſter ſent untimely here."
While thus to me my kind conductor names
Of ancient time the num'rous knights and dames
Who there are loſt, and cannot hope relief;
Trembling I heard, and was oppreſs'd with grief.

(*) *In the Commentary of Vellutello on Dante, we are told that Triſtan was the Nephew of Marcus King of Cernonia, and one of the knights of the round Table, in the time of Arthur.*

" Poet " I ſaid, " let me with thoſe converſe,
" (If they perchance their ſtory will rehearſe)
" That foremoſt pair who now ſo ſwiftly ſail,
" Light as autumnal leaves before the gale.
He anſwer'd — " Soon as they approach more near,
" Invoke them by that love which ſtill is dear,
" They gladly will obey the potent ſpell,
" And all their immoſt feelings truly tell. "
Then when beheld within the utmoſt reach
Of mortal voice, I thus thoſe ſhades beſeech.
" O love-impaſſion'd ſouls one moment ſpend
" In converſe with a ſympathizing friend. "
As two fond doves returning ſeek their neſt,
* With firm uplifted wings, and throbbing breaſt,
Then pleas'd alight — thus thro the murky air
They come, and leave their ſad companions there,
Thus at my feet with ſwift impatience fall;
So pow'rful was to them the thrilling call.
" O gen'rous Mortal whoſe warm boſom glows
" With kind compaſſion for th' unequal'd woes
" Of a fond pair, who ſacrific'd to Love,
" Ting'd with their mingled blood the earth above:
" Were we belov'd by that dread Pow'r who reigns
" O'er Heavn's pure ſeats, and Hell's tremendous plains,
" We would for thee with pray'rs beſiege his throne,
" For thee whoſe pity has for us been ſhewn.

(*) *Con l' ali alzate e ferme.*

" If aught from us thou can'ſt deſire to hear,
" We'll pour our ſorrows on thy curious ear,
" Now the fierce whirlwind blows a slacken'd gale,
" Liſt then and learn the melancholy tale.
" 'Twas where the Po to Adria's boſom flows,
" And ſinks with all his ſtreams in deep repoſe;
" Love that in gentle breaſts is ſtill ador'd
" Inflam'd this youth the brother of my Lord;
" My charms he lov'd, for I on earth was fair,
" Now chang'd by bloody death and long deſpair.
" Love, that from one prefer'd exacts return,
" Bade me for him with equal paſſion burn,
" So ſtrong the tye it ſtill ſubſiſts below;
" As join'd above in joy, ſo here in woe.
" Love brought us both to one untimely death,
" My hated husband ſtop'd our mutual breath:
" Still in my thought the dire remembrance ſprings,
" And joins with conſcious guilt it's anguish'd ſtings;
" Hell's deepeſt pit, where rules accurſed Cain,
" Await the wretch who hath his brother ſlain!"
The mournful words that from her lips depart
I felt like feſt'ring arrows in my heart,
And hung my drooping head in ſilent thought;
The Poet rous'd me, and from ſilence brought.
" What ſoft deſires, what tender joys," I ſaid,
" Have theſe ſad victims to deſtruction led!
" Thy words, Franceſca, of ſevere diſtreſs
" My troubled ſoul with anſw'ring pangs oppreſs,

" But ſay how firſt on each bewilder'd ſoul,
" How unawares this hapleſs paſſion ſtole."
Then she to me — " No greater grief I know
" Than to recall past joys in times of woe;
"*That can thy leader tell — yet thou shalt hear,
" Tho drops with ev'ry word a bitter tear.
" One † day we read how Lancelot's throbbing heart
" Felt the ſoft torments of love's piercing dart.
" Alone we were, in innocence ſecure,
" For till that moment all our thoughts were pure;
" But then too oft as our up-lifted eyes
" Each other met, the conſcious blushes riſe;
" Untill at length the fatal criſis came,
" When as we read how firſt the kiſs of flame,

(*) *Perhaps alluding to this paſſage of Virgil* " *Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem* ", *which ſeems to be the opinion of Vellutello, but ſome other commentators think it rather refers to Boetius who was much ſtudied by Dante in the time of his banishment and ſays in his treatiſe De Conſol. Philos.* " *In omni adverſitate fortunæ infeliciſſimum genus infortunii eſt fuiſſe felicem.*"

(†) *This ſtory of Lancelot and Ginevra is among the old Romances of the knights of the round table, which were much read and eſteem'd in the time of Dante. Galeotto was as the convenient friend of Lancelot and Ginevra, who inflam'd their mutual paſſion.*

" On fair Ginevra's ſmiling mouth impreſs'd,
" Rais'd love's wild tumults in her yielding breaſt;
" The youth beſide me ſought an equal bliſs,
" With trembling lips I met his burning kiſs:
" Thus did that curſed book, with pois'nous art,
" To us perform it's Galeotto's part;
" That day no more the luſcious page we priz'd,
" For all it feign'd in us was realiz'd."
While the dire ſtory thus her words unfold,
Down her ſad partner's cheek ſuch torrents roll'd,
That as the woe-fraught tale she ceas'd to tell,
O'ercome with pity like a corpſe I fell.

SONETTO

DEL CONTE ANGELO D'ELCI

CAVALIERE DI MALTA

CAnti, Albion, del falso Serpe il vanto,
* E la colpa che il varco aprì alla Tomba,
L' Armi Celesti, e il Cherubin che piomba
Dal patrio Empiro nell' eterno pianto.

Nè di Smirne il Cantor, nè quel di Manto,
Coppia onde il Fato d' Ilion rimbomba,
† Dall' interprete suon dell' angla tromba
Trae minor gloria che dal prisco canto.

Và degli spirti per lo vacuo Impero,
§ E guida i sensi il Sofocle Britanno,
Oltre i confini dell' uman pensiero.

Nè ti basta, Albion; che mentre stanno
Sull' Arno i Cigni tuoi, lauro straniero
Del Parnasso Toscan ripara il danno.

(*) *Milton; il Paradiso perduto.*
(†) *Omero tradotto da Pope, e Virgilio da Dryden.*
(§) *Shakspeare.*

SONETTO

DELL' ISTESSO CAVALIERE

* TUtto imprendi, Albion; per te può il ſaggio,
Che per le Sfere il ſenſo uman conduce,
Trovar del Mondo i ſemi, e della luce
Settemplice partir l'etereo raggio.

† Tu per nuovo Ocean tenti il viaggio
Sotto i Cieli ove appena il Sol riluce;
Dacchè ſul cavo pin Britanno Duce
Del priſco Tifi ſuperò il coraggio.

In faccia a te ſvanì nel gran cimento,
§ Come ſvaniſce al Sol notturno ſpettro,
L' Ibero orgoglio e il Gallico ardimento.

Guida or l' Angliche Muſe al Toſco Plettro
♦ Albion, che in Mare ebbe il confin col vento,
E accoppiò in terra libertade, e ſcettro.

(*) *Iſacco Newton*.
(†) *Il Capitan Cook*.
(§) *L' aſſedio di Gibilterra*.
(♦) *Allude alle poeſie Toſcane di* M.r GREATHEED.

TO THE
CHEVALIER D'ELCI

IN ANSWER TO HIS SONNETS

SOme milky Bards there are whoſe lays
Can only flow in notes of praiſe,
Not ſuch O D'ELCI is thy general ſtrain;
Genius in thy ſatiric page
Bids Vice and Folly feel it's rage,
And JUVENAL in thee is fear'd again.

As cloſe to Jove's diſpenſing hand
Of joy and woe two vaſes ſtand,
Thy judgement holds the keys of praiſe and blame:
And as the firſt from thee is rare,
While we receive ſo large a share,
With pride we take it, for thy praiſe is fame!

REPLY BY THE
CHEVALIER D'ELCI

Dum me contendis Juvenalem dicere, mentem,
Ut puto, tu potius tunc Juvenalis habes.

*ODE

ON THE

SIROC

IN Britain's Isle thick fogs ariſe,
With dark'ning wings, that veil the skies,
And blunt the ſolar ray;
But there fair Freedom's hallow'd ſhrine,
There Arts, and Arms, and Commerce ſhine,
And ſhed their brighter day.

For diff'rent charms, by Poets taught,
Italia's boaſted clime I ſought,
And trod her flow'ry plain;
Thee roſe-lip'd Health I hoped to find,
Thy chearing ſky, thy balmy wind!
But now that hope is vain.

* *The Siroc is a ſouth eaſt wind, the ſame as the latin Syrus, which is much dreaded by the Italians, on account of its oppreſſive heat, and the extraordinary melancholy it occaſions.*

What horrid force uſurps the air,
And, leagu'd with Anguish and Deſpair,
Impells the ſultry gales?
With nerves relax'd, and languid eye,
I ſee the shrinking Pleaſures fly;
The fierce SIROC prevails!

Far off the ſprightly Muſe retires,
Deſponding damps have quench'd her fires,
And all her joys depart;
See in their ſtead terrific Spleen
Preſents a wild diſorder'd ſcene,
And shakes th' ideal dart!

Sad images of loſt delight,
No more fair Nature's charms invite;
In ſighs the zephyrs moan,
Mute are the ſongſters of the grove,
Diſconſolate the heifers rove,
The waters ſeem to groan.

E'en Love deſerts the drooping plain,
Cloſe to his fair the pow'rleſs ſwain
Stands with averted gaze;
Nor courts the liſtleſs Nymph his arms,
Nor shews with artful lure her charms
The lingering flame to raiſe.

Dire Fevers rage — the parched throat
And alter'd pulſe their ſway denote;
The Soul's oppreſs'd with gloom;
And mid ſuch woes, with tempting mien,
Pale Suicide, by Fancy ſeen,
Points to a friendly tomb!

Does he, whom Heav'n's avenging ire
Condemn'd to dwell mid penal fire,
Here take his deſtin'd way;
And ſend his noxious burning breath,
Loaded with fell diſeaſe and death,
To blaſt a ſcene ſo gay!

'Tis ſaid, on ſome benighted shore,
Him as a God weak men adore,
Not led by Love but Fear;
Ne'er yet ſo dread a cauſe was known
To bow before his aweful throne,
His influence felt ſo near.

But to a higher Pow'r we bend,
Father of all! thy lightnings ſend,
His pois'nous breath dispell;
Appall'd the trembling Fiend shall fly,
Mindful when from th' etherial sky
Hurl'd by their bolt he fell!

ODE
ON
APATHY

ACcurs'd be dull, lethargic APATHY!
Whether at eve she liſtleſs ride
In ſluggiſh car by tortoiſe drawn,
Or at the orient bluſh of dawn,
Enwrap her brow with ling'ring clouds of night:
With mimic air of ſenſeleſs pride,
She feebly throws on all her with'ring ſight,
While, too obſervant of her ſway,
Unmark'd the droning ſubjects lie,
Alike to her who murmur or obey.

Ye midnight ſtorms that dwell
In dreary alpine cell,
Ruſh from your chill abode in frozen band,
Pierce the ſoft Tyrant with your breath,
And bid her feel at leaſt the icy pang of death:
Or amidſt Afric's ſultry ſand
Drive her the ray intenſe to meet;
There fix her ſolitary ſeat,

There let her opiate ſceptre wave,
To curb the bloody tiger's ire,
Or damp the fell hyena's fire,
And from their hungry rage the shrieking trav'ler ſave.

O! would the ſons of Italy ariſe,
And shake the leaden slumbers from their eyes,
Gaze on their fertile plains by nature bleſt,
And rouſe the latent fire that warm'd their breaſt,
That dauntleſs energy of ſoul,
Which ſav'd the tott'ring Capitol,
When on Tarpeian height, with glory's crown,
Brave Manlius ſtood,
And hurl'd indignant decads down,
And redden'd Tiber's flood,

To calm the factious rage that tore
Each Guelph, and Ghibelline of yore,
Muſt they be lull'd in ſuch repoſe
As manly vigor never knows;
Retire from martial fame, from glorious ſtrife,
And shun the busy ſcenes of life,
To waſte with thee, O Apathy! their days,
Heedleſs of right, or wrong, of cenſure, or of praiſe?

No, let them now the proper medium find;
And prove to all mankind,

That virtue ſtill can charm the preſent hour,
Not leſs admir'd, nor dear,
Than when pale Cataline felt Tully's pow'r,
And violating Appius learn'd to fear;
So radiant Glory's beams divine
Shall once again tranſcendent shine
On this proud land of old renown'd,
* Which Apennines divide, and Alps and ſeas ſurround.

(*) . . . . . *il bel paeſe*
Ch' Apennin parte, e'l mar circonda, e l' Alpe.
Petrarca

SONG

LOve ſeems from MIRA's azure eyes
To ſhed his moſt inviting ray,
And bid th' alluring ſmiles ariſe,
That o'er her ſoft cheek trembling play.

To all attentive and polite,
But never tender, never kind,
Fair Hope with falſe illuſive light
Too oft misleads the cheated mind.

For she true paſſion ne'er can know,
But triumphs in her lover's pains;
Tho trifling favors she beſtow,
Her native coldneſs ſtill remains.

* So, in Helvetia's wond'rous ſcene,
Shepherds and village maidens bring,
The chilling walls of ice between,
Rich ſummer fruits, and wreaths of ſpring.

* *At Grindelwald in Switzerland, the Traveller may, in the mouth of September, penetrate many yards into a cavern in the Glacier, where young girls bring him flowers and ſtrawberries.*

See JULIA's modeſt-ſeeming grace,
So ſober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
Her downcaſt eye, and blushing face
Beſpeak a ſoul devoutly pure.

Yet Julia, tho in public coy
As Nymphs who watch'd the veſtal fire,
In ſecret gives a looſe to joy,
And throbs with uncontroul'd deſire.

So Etna's ſummit crown'd with ſnow
Th' aſtonish'd ſailor views afar,
While cavern'd fires abound below,
And wage within unceaſing war.

They who once lov'd muſt ſtill adore,
And ſtill purſue the wanton dame;
Till, like EMPEDOCLES of yore,
They perish in the fatal flame!

ON THE
PLEASURES OF POETRY

LEt the dull wretch, upon whoſe natal hour
Nor Muſe nor Grace beſtow'd one genial ray,
Blame all purſuits but thoſe of wealth and power,
And damn to ſcorn the Bard's ſublimeſt lay.

Yet are there joys to vulgar ſouls unknown,
Unfelt by thoſe who view them with diſdain,
Joys by the ſacred Muſe reſerv'd alone
For them the fav'rites of her bliſsful reign.

Not that their brows with laurel wreath are bound,
And liſtening crouds their choral plaudits raiſe;
Not that proud Fame's wide-echoing trump ſhall ſound
To ſpread from pole to pole their deathleſs praiſe.

But that of Heav'n belov'd, and Fancy-bleſt,
All Nature to their eye appears more bright;
Her every charm with rapture fills their breaſt,
And not a grace eludes their piercing ſight.

Their eye's " fine phrenzy " marks her ample reign,
Entranc'd they bend before each awful form;
The dark-brow'd foreſt, and the boundleſs main,
The cloud-capt mountain, and the whelming ſtorm.

For them more beauteous ſmiles the vernal day,
And brighter tints adorn the rural bowers;
Tis theirs to rove thro' ſcenes for ever gay,
And cull Imagination's faireſt flowers.

Chants the lone throſtle at the cloſe of day,
Or ſhines the dew-drop on the morning roſe,
Or breathes the wood-bine on their noon-tide way,
No common tranſport in their boſom glows.

Where'er they ſtray beneath propitious skies,
Soft muſick trills, etherial forms appear;
Viſions withheld but from poetic eyes,
And ſounds that only greet the purged ear. †

Shall then the rigid critic's wrinkled brow,
Shall ſimp'ring Folly's vain contemptuous ſneer,
Bid us no more our ardent hopes avow,
And damp the riſing glow with chilling fear?

Not ſo my Friends — while theſe gay ſcenes ye rove,
Where youthful MILTON nurs'd his growing flame;
Where GRAY in Fancy's loom his raptures wove;
Purſue the track that leads to living Fame.

(†) *The heav'nly tune which none can hear*
Of human mold with groſs unpurged ear.
Milton's Arcades

As when to Glory's ſeats the prophet flew
To his lov'd friend the mantle he reſign'd,
JOHNSON, bleſt ſhade! ſhall his on PIOZZI view,
His nervous ſenſe with female ſoftneſs join'd.

Thy cypreſs wreath, Melpomene, to gain
GREATHEED ſhall ſcorn thro meaner walks to ſtray;
And MERRY pour his ever-varying ſtrain,
Crown'd by each Muſe the ſerious and the gay.

I too, allur'd by love of lofty rhime,
Left the white cliff where Britain's ſurges roar;
And much I hop'd from this inſpiring clime,
ARNO's rich vale, and TIBER's claſſic ſhore.

Haply, I ſaid, the Muſe may there be found,
By me, vain thought! to Genius cloſe allied,
For him with equal force ſhe breathes around
* EARTHAM's chill ſeat, and LAVANT's ſcanty tide.

(*) *Eartham in Suſſex, the ſeat of M.r Hayley the author of ſeveral celebrated modern Poems, tho beautified by his taſte is naturally expoſed and barren — the Lavant is a ſtream that flows under the walls of Chicheſter and is ſo very inſignificant, that it's channel is ſometimes entirely dry; yet the maſterly compoſitions of Collins, who lived in that neighborhood have made it vye with the moſt diſtinguish'd rivers of antiquity.*

SIR ROLAND

A FRAGMENT

. . . . . the Knight with ſtarry ſhield,
Chas'd the gigantic ſpoiler from the field:
But ſoon each ſorrow of his ſoul returns,
With jealous rage, and fierce revenge he burns,
Spurs his fleet courſer on in wild deſpair,
And calls aloud his violated fair.
Now midnight reign'd, and thro' the troub'lous skies
The ſharp hail drives, and yelling blaſts ariſe;
Yet brave Sir Roland with unſlacken'd force,
O'er the lone heath purſues his eager courſe;
With curſes rends the air, and dares to war
The potent Wizard of the ſhadowy car.
Far off he view'd a ſolitary light,
Whoſe paly luſtre pierc'd the gloom of night,
Thither the love-lorn Hero bends his ſpeed,
While mountains anſwer to the neighing ſteed.
Soon as arriv'd, his wond'ring eyes behold
A penſive Damſel, deck'd in robes of gold,
Where mingling di'monds their effulgence ſhed,
With the pearl's modeſt white, and ruby's red.
Beneath an aged cypreſs ſhe reclin'd,
A pendant lamp was waving in the wind,

That ſcatter'd far a melancholy gleam,
And ting'd the watry waſte with feeble beam.
For near, an Ocean roar'd, and dash'd around
It's foamy billows, with terrific ſound.
And ever and anon was heard the cry
Of shipwreck'd men in dying agony.
At his approach she ſtarts, then lifts her veil,
And shows a ſunken viſage ghaſtly pale;
On the intrepid Knight, her languid gaze
Intently fixes, and at length she ſays.
" The wish'd-for hour is come, by fate's decree,
" And thou shalt traverſe yonder deep with me,
" The bark attends, and lo! the wanton gale
" Swells the ſoft boſom of th' impatient ſail.
" Then linger not, but all-enraptur'd share
" The promis'd bliſs, nor mourn thy ravish'd fair;
" I love thy manly form, thy youthful face,
" Admire thy valour, and adore thy grace.
The knight obſerved her with aſtonish'd eye,
And much he wish'd, but more he ſcorn'd to fly:
For as the breeze aſſail'd her gorgeous veſt,
The opening folds diſclos'd a putrid breaſt.
Nearer he comes, and marks, depriv'd of skin,
Her haggard jaws diſplay a direful grin:
Onward she goes, by incantation's laws
Th' amaz'd Sir Roland unreſiſting draws,
" Here leave thy ſteed, she cries, and never more,
" Shalt thou behold him on this hated shore.

" But gentleſt joys th'approaching hours await,
" And beauty ſpreads for thee her couch of ſtate.
Then beck'ning mounts the bark, the knight obeys,
Nor quits her guiding lamp's unhallow'd rays.
Soon as the veſſel cut the foamy tide,
Around ſtrange ſpectres, and fell monſters glide,
One bathed in tears roſe from the liquid bed,
With the ſoft ſemblance of a Virgin's head,
Thrice waved her hand, and shook her ſedgy hair,
And heav'd a piteous ſigh, and cried —" beware! "
Next came an aged Seer, whoſe feeble breath,
Could ſcarcely utter, —" Knight beware of death; "
Then plunging downward in a ſerpent's form,
They curl'd the ſurges like an angry ſtorm.
Now thouſand other grisly shapes were ſeen,
Rolling their fiery eyes the waves between;
Here shrieking maidens felt the forc'd embrace,
There murder laugh'd, and show'd his guilty face.
A moment after all was hush'd, and o'er,
And ſuch portentous phantoms threat no more.
But now the female at Sir Roland's ſide,
Who ſilent long the dauntleſs youth had ey'd
With foul grimaces, on a ſudden preſs'd
The knight abhorrent to her mangled breaſt.
Strove with the winning voice of love to ſpeak,
And laid her bare ſcull on his lily cheek;
Imprints the bony kiſs, and fain would win
The chaſte Sir Roland to the dreadly ſin.

But when she finds not magic art inſpires
The wild commotion of unholy fires,
Obſerves him shrink beneath her love's exceſs,
And turn in anguish from the loath'd careſs.
Starting she left him, and in fury cried,
" O knight accurs'd! thou ſoon shalt rue thy pride,
Then ſeiz'd her lamp, and ſcowling with diſdain,
Sought the calm bottom of the roaring main.
Dark was the night, and o'er the pathleſs way,
With rapid force the ship appear'd to ſtray.
In vain the youth with eye attentive ſeeks
The firſt faint dawning of the eaſtern ſtreaks;
But all was hopeleſs, and no glimm'ring light
Gave the wish'd earneſt of departing night.
Now to a shore the bark quick-ſtriking came,
And as the shock ſent forth a ſudden flame,
The Hero leaps upon th' uncertain ſtrand,
An lifts his unsheath'd ſword with deſp'rate hand.
While slow he trod this deſolated coaſt,
From the crack'd ground uproſe a warning ghoſt,
Whoſe figure all-confus'd was dire to view,
And looſe his mantle flow'd of shifting hue;
He shed a luſtre round, and ſadly preſs'd
What ſeem'd his hand upon what ſeem'd his breaſt;
Then rais'd his doleful voice, like wolves that roar
In famish'd troops on Orcas' ſteepy shore,
" Approach yon antiquated tow'r, he cried,
" There bold Rinaldo, fierce Mambrino died:

" Thou too, perchance, ſhalt tread the ſelf-ſame road,
" Approach, (ſo fate commands) the dark abode.
The knight advancing ſtruck the fatal door,
And hollow chambers ſend a ſullen roar.
As ſlow it opens, there appears a page,
With limbs of pliant youth, and face of age.
" Welcome he cried, from dangers thou haſt ſhar'd,
" The banquet's ready, and thy bed prepar'd: "
Thro' winding paſſages the knight he leads,
And often ſighs, and often tells his beads;
Stops at an entrance ſtain'd with blood, and ſaid
" Accept brave youth the banquet and the bed. "
Then ſcreaming loud he vaniſh'd from the ſight,
And the bell toll'd amid the ſilent night.
Sir Roland enters, where throughout the room,
One taper ſhows the melancholy gloom;
And rudely hanging by her twiſted hair,
A ſlaughter'd female's ſtarting eye-balls glare,
While from the curtain'd bed ſuch groans aroſe,
As ſpoke the anguish of ſevereſt woes,
* And ſmote his heart. . . . . .

(*) *To excite horror by deſcription has already ſucceeded in Mr Horace Walpole's Caſtle of Otranto, and in the Sir Bertrand of Mrs Barbauld, the above is an attempt of the ſame kind in verſe, though the author is very ſenſible that the jingle of rhime muſt in a great meaſure deſtroy the effect.*

SONG

MELISSA's voice I own outvies
The warbling wood-lark's melting lays;
I own the luſtre of her eyes
Mocks the bright di'mond's lucid blaze.

Yet can I meet devoid of fear
The matchleſs ſplendor of her charms;
And when she ſings unmov'd can hear,
Nor dread the tyrant Love's alarms.

What wondrous ſpell preſerves my heart
When ſong and beauty both aſſail?
What magic foils the two-fold dart,
And makes their utmoſt influence fail?

'Tis that, by affectation ſway'd,
The nymph diſcards each native grace,
And, ſeeking Art's fantaſtic aid,
Bids ſtudied airs uſurp their place.

Her looks and geſtures all declare
She aims o'er every heart to reign;
We ſee the danger, and prepare
To guard againſt the 'witching chain.

So the free bird high-pois'd in air,
Whom crafty fowlers downward lure,
If chance he ſpy the wily ſnare,
Joyful eſcapes, and ſings ſecure.

SONG

A youthful Bard, with rebel pride,
Love's mighty pow'r had long defied;
He woo'd the Muſe with conſtant aim,
Nor ſought, nor fear'd another flame.

But ſoon as STELLA treads the plain,
Soft poiſon thrills thro ev'ry vein,
And all the Nine unable prove
To shield him from the shafts of Love.

* What tho 'the Muſe's wreath be found
To guard the brow it twines around
When Jove's own lightnings cleave the skies,
— 'Tis no defence from STELLA's eyes!

ON SOME FLOWERS PAINTED BY A LADY

'Twixt Art and Nature long has been the ſtrife,
'Tis rare the copy pleaſes as the life;
But charm'd with STELLA's chaſte deſigns we view
The pictur'd flow'r more beauteous than the true,
Her every touch can ſome new grace impart,
And Nature blushing yields the palm to Art!
— Yet Nature hold, for her ſoft cheek diſcloſes
Still fairer lilies, and ſtill brighter roſes;
Art ſees abash'd, nor more diſputes the throne,
For thoſe O Nature, thoſe are all thy own!

(*) *It was believ'd by the ancients that the laurel ſacred to the Muſes was proof againſt the effects of lightning.*

HYMN TO *DEATH

Homme deſtiné au travail, à la peine, & a la douleur, conſole-toi, car tu es mortel.

O Man! by fate condemned to know
Sad toil, and bitter want, and woe,
Conſole thyſelf that thou ſhalt die;
The morning wakes thee but to grieve,
Thy liſtleſs limbs recline at eve,
Fatigued with life's oppreſſive round;
Conſole thyſelf for death is nigh,
And ſweet repoſe is in his boſom found.

Obſerve upon the tumbling ſurge
Yon little bark the tempests urge,
At length attains the peaceful bay,
Secure from winds and ſtormy tides,
Safe in the tranquil port it rides.
— Where rocks ariſe where whirlwinds rave
Life is alas! that troubled ſea,
The Harbour where they ne'er approach; the Grave.

(*) *This is a translation of the chief part of the Hymne a la Mort of M. Marmontel, in Les Incas Vol 2 page 260.*

Behold the mother's anxious love,
Requires her little child to prove,
Left to himſelf, his idle power;
With ſtep unſure, and vain alarms,
Feeble he runs with out-ſtretch'd arms;
Leaps on her neck with panting breath,
And feels his weakneſs now no more.
That infant's man, the tender parent, Death.

He that could firſt creation give,
Sends forth a breath, and lo! we live,
When he recalls that breath, we die.
What wonder, if 'tis ſwiftly paſt
Within our breaſt, like yonder blaſt
That ſhakes the foliage of the grove;
Wonders the quiv'ring foliage, why
It cannot fix the wind that loves to rove?

Haſt thou not often found to go
Time ling'ring on, and much too ſlow?
Becauſe 'tis time that brings us death.
Death is the goal where nature tends,
Of life impatient where ſhe ends.
Why wiſhes man to morrow come?
It is becauſe to day we breathe,
And that to morrow brings us to the tomb.

And age, that cruelly deſtroys
Each ſocial bliſs the ſoul enjoys,
Weakneſs, and pain, and error too,
Sweet sleep, that charms our woes to peace,
(Forgotten with ourſelves they ceaſe:)
Ennui, to which this life's a slave,
All all combining ſeem to woo,
Habituate, and lead us to the grave.

And who would bear perpetual ſpleen
Leſs dreadful had the exit been?
Tis nature bids the fear ariſe,
That we may not too quickly leave
This ſcene, where all are doom'd to grieve;
On utmost life's dread bound'ry shows
An awful gulph to mortal eyes,
* Lest by deſertion we should fly our woes.

(*) *Eight copies of the above translation have been before privately printed, with the Ode to Indolence, and the Ode on a diſtant proſpect of Rome, but all three have ſince undergone very material alterations.*

TRANSLATION

OF THE FIRST CHORUS

IN TASSO'S AMINTA

" *O bella età dell' oro.* "

O Age of Gold, for ever bleſt!
Not that each ſtream a milky wave,
And honied drops each thicket gave:
That Earth from her luxuriant breaſt
Spontaneous harveſts then ſupplied,
Where harmleſs ſerpents lov'd to glide:
That no dark clouds their wings outspread,
Pure light o'er laughing skies was shed,
And jocund Spring eternal reign'd;
Whoſe treſſes now too oft are ſtain'd
With lingering Winter's ſtormy shower,
Or ſcorch'd by Summer's ſultry power:
* Nor wandering pines to ſome far-diſtant shore,
War's dread array, or Art's and Nature's treaſures bore.

(*) *Ne porto peregrino*
O guerra, o merce agli altrui lidi il pino.

But rather that thy empty name,
Of later times myſterious cheat,
Idol of error, and deceit!
Ne'er then upheld it's haughty claim:
Who ſince weak man thou haſt enthrall'd,
Art by the vulgar Honor call'd.
Thou ne'er didſt then thy arts employ
To dash the sprightly cup of joy:
The terrors of thy awful throne
To free-born ſouls were then unknown;
But Liberty her ſway maintain'd,
And o'er each grateful boſom reign'd,
Where Nature had this golden law impreſt,
That muſt be ever right, which renders mortals bleſt.

Then flow'ry vales, and ſtreams among,
The little Loves undreaded play'd,
And without bows or torches ſtray'd,
While Echo anſwer'd to their ſong.
The nymphs and shepherds then reclin'd,
In fond embraces gently twin'd;
Murmurs and whiſper'd ſighs were mix'd,
And balmy kiſſes cloſely fix'd.
The virgin's breaſt, of dazzling hue,
* Like unripe apples met the view,

(*) *E le poma del ſeno, acerbe e crude,*

Each blushing charm was then reveal'd,
Now with ſuch ſtudious care conceal'd:
And oft the lover with his fair was ſeen,
Sporting in azure lakes the glaſſy waves between.

Till ruthleſs Honor ſtrove to hide
The fount of ever-dear delight,
And it's fair waters, ſparkling bright,
To Love's impatient thirſt denied.
Bade the bright eye's enchanting fire
Within it's ſilken fringe retire;
In artful braids the hair confin'd,
That wont to wanton in the wind:
Bade his imperious voice repreſs
The tranſports of each ſoft careſs;
Bind all our words in ſlavish chain;
Our ſteps with cruel art reſtrain;
And while his hated triumphs we deplore,
Made that a theft become, which was a gift before.

This fatal change from Honor ſprings,
His frown each trembling mortal fears,
And Love and Nature ſink in tears.
Fell tyrant thou of haughty kings!
Shall now thy barbarous force invade
The tenants of the peaceful ſhade?

Hence to the pow'rful and the great!
Diſturb their ſlumbers and their ſtate:
While we like our forefathers live,
And taſte the raptures Love can give,
Yes, let us love while yonder ſun
Thro Heav'n's wide vault his courſe ſhall run;
Too ſoon alas! for us, his tranſient light
Shall ſink no more to riſe, and leave eternal night!

IMITATION
OF
METASTASIO

Scrivo in te l' amato nome

O verdant Laurel at whoſe foot reclin'd,
Forc'd for a while from STELLA to depart,
Her name I carve upon thy tender rind,
As Love imprints it on my faithful heart.

As thy fair leaves thro varying ſeaſons ſhine,
May she her conſtant flame preſerve for me;
Nor e'er my fond impaſſion'd hopes decline,
Or like thy waving branches fruitleſs be.

The ſun's best influence on thy roots be shed,
Kind be each gale, propitious ev'ry shower;
That with thy trunk her honor'd name may ſpread,
Whoſe love enchants me with increaſing power!

The Nymphs who haunt old Arno's ſilver tide,
And thoſe to whom the neighb'ring ſteeps are dear,
All rural Deities, with sylvan pride,
Shall dance around thee each returning year.

To thee all trees shall yield, the ſtately pine
With envy thy ſuperior honors ſee,
Thy glory Idumean palms outshine,
And e'en the British oak ſubmit to thee!

Thy wreaths alone my grateful brow shall bind,
To thee will I confide my hopes and fears;
My rapt'rous ſong shall tell when Stella's kind,
And if she frown, I'll water thee with tears.

Beneath thy shade may no unfaithful ſwain,
No cruel maid with ſoft repoſe be bleſt,
No birds of boding cry thy boughs prophane,
And Philomel alone there build her neſt!

ON DESCENDING THE RIVER PO.

As down the rapid PO I chanc'd to glide,
And view'd it's fertile banks on either ſide,
To both of which did formerly belong
A mighty Maſter in the art of ſong:
That, who in times long paſt, with daring aim,
For great ÆNEAS ſwell'd the trump of Fame;
And *this*, of later date, whoſe various page
Blends num'rous ſubjects with ORLANDO's rage.
Eager to imitate each Bard ſublime,
How did I wish to build ſome lofty rhime,
That, thus enshrin'd, my name with their's might laſt
Thro diſtant years, till Time's long reign be paſt!
— When ſudden, from between the parted tide,
A pallid Spectre roſe, and thund'ring cried,
" Rash youth! who dar'st ſuch haughty hopes avow,
" I who was leſs preſumptuous far than thou,
" Who only ask'd to guide a ſingle day
" My Father's ſteeds along th' etherial way,
" Hurl'd from on high here met a wat'ry tomb,
" Beware, nor tempt a ſtill more dreadful doom!"
He ſaid — and ſunk beneath the circling wave;
Trembling I heard the ſtern advice he gave,
Felt my own littleneſs, and want of ſtrength,
And thought no more to aim at works of length.

TO BACCHUS

DITHYRAMBICK

Oh come, o Bella l' ardor de i vini
Più corallini tuoi labbri fa,
Bacco vi ſtilla ſuave umore
D'un tal ſapore, che Amor non ha.

WElcome, welcome, roſy God!
Welcome with thine ivy rod,
Welcome with thy jocund train,
Gaily roving o'er the plain;
Let me taſte thy copious cup,
Let me drink; and drink it up,
Sweet reſource that checks the ſigh,
And the tear that fills the eye!
But for thee, extatic Pow'r!
All my tedious life had been
Blighted, like yon drooping flow'r,
Full of ſorrow, full of ſpleen.
The grape's blood ſo richly pouring,
Sends us laughing, dancing, roaring,
To the happier realms of Folly,
From Stygian caves of Melancholy.

Welcome, welcome, rosy God!
Welcome, with thine ivy rod:
Thou haſt heard the billows roar,
Round Britannia's chalky shore;
There haſt ſeen the jovial crew
Gloomy Winter's rage ſubdue;
When beſide the ſea-coal fire,
Wiſely talks the country ſquire;
And the rural politician
Speaks the praiſe of Oppoſition;
While the noisy ſportsmen mix
Many a tale of Renard's tricks;
As the corks unnumber'd fly,
Mirth attends with wanton eye,
Quaint device, facetious ſtory,
And loud ſong of England's glory.
Welcome, welcome, rosy God!
Welcome, with thine ivy rod,
Welcome with thy jocund train,
Gaily roving o'er the plain.
Thou haſt led the ſprightly dance,
With the feſtive ſwains of France;
Mingled with the blue-ey'd loves,
In the rich Burgundian groves;
There the liquid ruby flows,
And the maiden's boſom glows,
As the am'rous shepherd's lay,
Tells her of a brighter day.

Did'st thou drive thy tiger'd car,
Where the daring ſons of war,
In the Garriſon combine,
To worship thee, O God of wine?
Haſt thou heard them proudly talk
How great Conflans conquer'd Hawke?
How old England to defy
When De Graſſe in fury came,
Rodney's fleet was forc'd to fly?
Rodney, fav'rite child of Fame!
Hark, they boaſt ſublimer bliſſes,
Rapt'rous nights, and ſtolen kiſſes,
Tell the favors ladies grant,
La Marquiſe, la Preſidente,
Then deſcant with ſolemn glee,
Gorge ſuperbe, et quel eſprit!
Till at length their ſwords they draw,
Vive l'amour, et vive le Roi!
Welcome, welcome, roſy God!
Welcome, with thine ivy rod:
Welcome, with thy jocund train,
Welcome to the Tuſcan plain.
Let us laugh,
And let us quaff
Rich * ALBANO,

(*) *The different wines here mentioned are thoſe which are the moſt eſteem'd in Tuſcany.*

Bright VAJANO,
Nor thy grape,
MONTALCINO! shall eſcape;
Let the MEZZOMONTE flow,
Bid the ALIATIC' glow,
While, Sovereign of all other wines,
* MONTEPULCIANO proudly ſhines.
— Now, my friends, I give you warning,
I will drink from night to morning,
And when Morn, in purple veſt,
Calls the ſober herd from reſt,
With the Satyrs I'll be found,
Drinking deep, and drinking round.
What care I tho Phillis fair
Sweetly braid her auburn hair,
Tho her eye, in circles moving;
And her cheek of roſeate hue,
Teach the tender force of loving,
Yet they teach us anguish too;
But the ever-ſparkling glaſs
Harpier makes our moments paſs,
While Philanthropy, and Joy,
Open Friendſhip, Pleaſure true,
Shall each riſing thought employ,
Shall each bitter pang ſubdue.

(*) *Montepulciano d' ogni vino è il Re.*

Redi

Welcome, welcome, rosy God!
Welcome, with thine ivy rod;
Welcome, with thy jocund train,
Gaily roving o'er the plain;
Let me taſte thy copious cup,
Let me drink, and drink it up;
Sweet reſource that checks the ſigh,
And the tear that fills the eye!

TO DIANA

DITHYRAMBICK

La caſta Dea triforme,
Chi ſol prende a ſeguir,
Non ſa che ſia ſconforto,
Non ſa che ſia martir.

HAil Diana, Goddeſs fair!
Jocund huntreſs ever hail!
Haſte, and bind thy flowing hair;
Let us ſeek the diſtant vale.
Exerciſe ſhall there be near;
Cheerful ſport ſhall ſhake his ſpear,
And raiſe his merry voice,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
And ſearch the grounds around, around;
Echo in her ſilent cell,
Where she liſt'ning loves to dwell,
Bids her mimic accents riſe
Reſponſive to the ſound;
Around, around, around, she cries.

Wine is only rage and noiſe;
Love, alas! is ſerious folly;
Then adieu ye tranſient joys,
Sighs, and ſaddeſt melancholy:
Yes, adieu, adieu for ever
All the madneſs that ye bring;
From your pangs myſelf I ſever:
Now the morning's on the wing,
Come O creſcent-bearing Maid!
Lead me to the ſportive shade.
O'er the mountain,
Thro' the grove,
By the lake, or ſilver fountain;
Whereſoe'er thy footſteps rove,
I'll purſue,
Still in view.
See, from yonder frowning wood
Burſts in rage the briſtled boar;
Many an arrow drinks his blood;
Proud he hears the wild uproar,
And eyes askaunt, with fierce diſdain,
The bleeding dogs that yell in vain;
Now he ſeeks the foamy tide,
Plunges in, himſelf to hide,
But, alas! th' unerring dart
Deeply rankles in his heart;
Reeling forth he shuts his eyes,
Groans in agony and dies.

Now we ſeem to ride the wind,
While the chace of ev'ry kind
Urges on our wand'ring glee:
O! the rapt'rous energy!
Health, with rosy cheek, is there;
Thoughtleſs Eaſe, unknown to care;
Peace, that waves in wanton fold
Her curls of burniſh'd gold;
And Laughter too
Is ever nigh,
With dimpling cheek, and half-shut eye,
And face of crimſon hue.
And (more the ſoul to bleſs)
With animating look, and warm careſs,
With careleſs ſtep, and free,
Queen of herſelf, and fond of change,
From place to place is ſeen to range
Extatic Liberty.
And mark how o'er the world's domain
Extends, O Dian fair! thy boundleſs reign;
E'en mighty monarchs leave their court,
And to the breathing plain reſort,
Where, with the ſprightly horn and hound,
Relief from regal woes is found;
And oft on Afric's ſultry shore
The ſavage youth thy joys adore;
And oft, where rigid ſeaſons roll
In ling'ring ſadneſs near the Pole,

Amid the realms of endleſs ſnow,
Thou giv'st the only bliſs the natives know.
— Here where winding Arno laves
His pebbly ſhores with ſallow waves,
Now the pleaſing toil is done,
And twilight veils the ſetting ſun,
All beneath yon ſpreading tree
I'll recline, and think of thee,
Of thee, and all thy beauteous train,
And feel a love without a pain:
Such thy chaſte, thy dear delight;
* Welcome ſleep, and welcome night!

(*) *Theſe lines to Diana have been already printed in an English news paper, but very imperfectly.*

TO VENUS

DITHYRAMBICK

Oh felice, fortunato
Chi ti ſiegue, Dea d' amor!
Infelice, ſfortunato
Chi ti fugge per timor!

QUeen of the rapt'rous hour!
O Cyprian Venus hear!
I court thy gentle pow'r,
I love to be thy ſlave,
Enchanting Daughter of th'inconſtant wave!
My heart is all thy own,
I worship thee alone,
For ſure thy ſmile is wond'rous dear,
The languor of thy ſtedfaſt eye,
And dear thy cheek's freſh glow,
Thy wavy locks, and breaſt of ſnow,
And dearer ſtill thy yielding ſigh.
To thee an altar will I raiſe,
And bind it round with many a roſe,
With myrtle, and ſweet jeſſamine,
The pale pink, and the gadding woodbine,

And every flow'r that blows;
And there the wiſtful maid shall gaze,
And there the ring-dove's note,
Shall ſwell his am'rous throat,
And there the friſking kid shall play,
The milk-white lamb shall fondly ſtray,
And mounting high on dappled wing,
The hov'ring lark shall gaily ſing;
But every bird of bod ng cry,
The bliſsful ſcene shall fly,
And every noxious reptile leave the grove,
Sacred to peace, to innocence, and love.
O may'st thou at thy vot'ry's pray'r
Bring to my longing arms,
The blooming girl I moſt adore,
Sweet is her eye, her shape, her air,
Herſelf a wilderneſs of charms;
And may I then thoſe beauties preſs,
And live amid the wild exceſs,
Her zone unloos'd I'll bear to thee,
Eternal Queen of Extacy!
My gratitude can do no more.
O come my fair one come away!
And view the riſing ſtar of day;
How proud he pours the mighty beam,
That ſeems to fire yon chryſtal ſtream,
While on the early breeze is borne
The diſtant muſick of the horn,

That mingles with the hunter's cry,
To hail the welcome deity.
Sportive pleaſure deck'd in green,
Roves the Tuſcan hills between,
And with heads amid the skies,
Th' * empurpled Appenines ariſe,
Where Winter ſullenly retires,
From flaunting Summer's scorching fires.
Love has made the ſcene ſo gay,
Brightens e'en the morning ray,
Nature wears a dreſs divine,
While your arm is lock'd in mine.
Love alike ſubdues the pow'r,
Of the dog-ſtar's ſultry hour,
And ſcatters odours thro' the glade,
As fond I woo the blushing maid;
When ſilence rules, ſave where the bee
Labours on with busy glee,
Humming deep his drowsy ſong,
While the riv'let glides along,
Or the ſturdy woodman's ſtroke,
Humbles ſome gigantic oak,
Or perchance is heard from far,
The murmur of the rattling car.

(*) *The Appenines are frequently tinged with a purple luſtre at the riſing and ſetting of the Sun.*

Soon as Evening mild, and gray,
Steals upon the parting day,
And the Bat purſues his flight,
Riſing on the feeble light,
While the Attic bird of woe,
Pours her plaintive notes, and ſlow:
Pan (ſo pleaſing fancy ſays)
Takes his ruſtic pipe and plays,
While the Satyrs trooping round,
With ears erect devour the ſound;
And the wanton Fauns are ſeen,
Dancing o'er the level green.
Let us now from yonder height,
View the ſilver horn of night,
That the Moon appears to bear,
Like a huntreſs thro the air.
This is ſure the hour of love,
Each tumultuous care at reſt,
Thrilling hopes can only move,
Thrilling tranſports fire the breaſt.
O Venus hail! all hail immortal Queen!
Thou reign'ſt unbounded o'er the human ſcene,
Where the bright Thames ſhines forth in azure pride,
To where the Ganges rolls a foamy tide,
Where the redundant Nile expands his courſe,
Or Niagara throws her headlong force;
Still from the Eaſt to Weſt, from Pole to Pole,
Thou e'er ſhalt rule great Sov'reign of the whole.

ODE
ALLA
VENERE DE' MEDICI
TRADOTTA DAL DOTTORE
LORENZO PIGNOTTI

O Dea che i dolci e teneri
Desir ne' cori accendi,
E in forme impareggiabili
In questo marmo splendi:

Tu che, a formar sì amabile
Sembiante pellegrino,
Spirasti al greco genio
Il soffio tuo divino:

Queste che alla tua imagine
Dell' Arno in sulle rive
Porto, deh non ti spiacciano,
Offerte mie votive,

Non già colombe candide,
Non già lo stuol belante
Vengono a te per tingerti
Del sangue lor fumante:

(*) *Vedasi a pag.* 41.

T' offro doni men barbari,
D' amor ſoavi note,
Treccie teſſute in miſtiche
Cifre agl' amanti note.

Innanzi a te rallegraſi
L' aria, la terra, e l' onda,
Tutti i viventi aſcoltano
La voce tua feconda.

D' Anglia i figli ti ſieguono
Stretti in ſevero imene,
Quì intorno a te ſi legano
Più libere catene.

Ma io che privo, ahi miſero!
Del caro ben mi trovo
I tuoi beati e fervidi
Traſporti or più non provo.

Tardi i momenti ſcorrono
Privi d' ogni diletto;
Noioſa calma e ſtupida
M' occupa il vuoto petto.

O Dea! per quell' incognita
Tenera e dolce forza,
Che le furie terribili
Del Dio dell' armi ſmorza,

Per quanta, ebra di giubilo
Felicità godeſti,
Quando il bramato giovane
Fra le tue braccia aveſti;

I cari affetti deſtami,
Tu ch'ai del cor le chiavi,
Fà che di nuovo ei palpiti
A i moti tuoi ſoavi.

L'indifferenza gelida
Diſcaccia dal mio core,
E qualche bella accendaſi
Per me di pari ardore.

Allor la fiamma Aonia
Riſvegleraſſi in ſeno,
Allor s'udranno l'Angliche
Muſe ſul ſuol Tirreno;

Come allorchè la cetera
L'amico Merry ſcote,
E l'Arno arreſta il liquido
Piede ad udir ſue note.

VERSI SCIOLTI

Improvviſamente ſcritti al lume d' una chiara notte d' eſtate

DAL D. M. L.

AVvi nella materia attrice forza,
Che genera, e diſtrugge; (inquieto ſpirto
D' uom vaneggiante in bella notte e chiara
Coll' idee di Platon ſeco dicea):
Deſſa è l' ignoto Nume, a cui davante
Umil ſi proſtra, e in vario nome invoca
L' Etiope aduſto, e il Sarmato gelato.
Agita queſta forza in ſpazio immenſo
Giove con Marte, e con ben mille e mille
Soli ſplendenti il noſtro Globo errante,
Ch' empie sì piccol ſpazio in tanto vuoto.
Queſta è cagion che l' un full' altro ruoti
De' vortici lo ſtuolo; e mentre intende
Pronto queſto a fuggir, quello ad opporſi,
Con leggi varie e con temprate fila,
Tutta mantiene l' infinita mole
In pacifico egual ſiſtema eterno.
Queſta di vital ſugo inietta i ſtami

Della Famiglia vegetante, e dentro
Il cupo ſeno dell' antica Madre
Forma i petroſi ſtrati, e l' oro impaſta.
Per eſſa pur ſotto le groſſe lane
Sente il Paſtore le amoroſe voglie
E per Fille ſoſpira; in ſelva oſcura
Canta il dolce Uſignuol; guizza nell' onda
Il peſce nuotator; tutto all' impero
Obbediſce di lei, e tutto è vita.
Nè perchè cada coll' annoſa fronte
La rovere nodoſa, o perchè al gelo
Di condenſata neve il monte fenda
Il ſuo robuſto fianco, attiva meno
E' la forza ineſauſta; eſſa lo ſteſſo
Eſercita poter quando s' inoſtra
Nell' Oriente il Sole, e quando muore.
Tanto è il desìo di generare in lei,
Che per dar vita a quei, queſti diſface
Eſſeri già creati; e quaſi sdegni
Che neghittoſa troppo la trattenga
La materia formata, la diſcioglie;
E pria che torni agli elementi primi,
Dalla cener, dal loto, e dalla polve
Eccita a reſpirare inſetti e vermi,
Che in varie guiſe poi cangia e trasforma.
Uomo ſuperbo che tant' alto miri
Colle idee dell' orgoglio, a queſta legge
Tu pur ſoggiaci; di tua fragil ſalma

Vuol Natura veſtire e bruti e piante;
Nè ſi reſiſte a lei, queſto è il decreto:
Vuol che quella porzion d'etereo fuoco,
Che t'informa e ti muove, alfin ritorni
A inabiſſarſi in lei, qual rivo al mare,
Che riceve e ridona. — In tai deliri
Entuſiaſte Filoſofo vagava,
Mentre il ſilenzio de'notturni e chiari
Aſtri tenea i mortali in dolce ſonno;
Quando riſcoſſo al primo ſuon di ſquilla
Dal letargo improvviſo di ragione,
Piegò a terra i ginocchi, ed ambo ſtese
Le mani a Lui, che diè fermezza al Sole,
Moto alla Terra, Creatore e Dio,
Non attributo di materia inerte,
Ma vera Eſſenza per cui tutto à vita;
E davanti a cui ſon chimere e fole
I penſamenti delle Scuole Achee.

VALLOMBROSA

SOv'reign of th' enraptur'd ſoul,
That willing owns thy mild controul,
Contemplation, hither come!
I have lov'd with thee to roam
* Wild Helvetia's ſteeps between,
And gaze upon each wond'rous ſcene;
Whether, when the morning light
Gilds the Glacier's lofty height,
Where the broken fragments lie,
Fancy bade my wand'ring eye

(*) *Theſe objects have often charm'd the author in Switzerland — The broken parts of the Glaciers preſent a number of ſurprizing and irregular forms, which are in many places no imperfect repreſentations of ruin'd Architecture — The caſcade of Staubbach which falls from a height rather more than nine hundred feet, when the ſun ſhines upon it, preſents a moſt beautiful Rainbow — The roſy hue on the ſummit of Mont Blanc, ſeen on a fine evening from the neighborhood of Geneva, muſt draw the attention of the moſt careleſs obſerver. It is on this account ſometimes call'd Monte Roſa by the Italians.*

In the icy maſs admire
Many an arc, and many a ſpire,
Like the labor'd works of ſtone,
By the hand of Time o'erthrown.
Or, when Phoebus o'er my head
His ſtrait-down rays at noon had shed,
Where Staubbach's impetuous courſe,
Rushing on with headlong force,
From a rock with clouds that blends
Thrice three hundred feet deſcends;
There, amid the falling ſtream,
Behold fair Iris catch the beam,
And her many-color'd bow
In brighter hues exulting show.
Or, at Evening's gradual cloſe,
By the azure lake repoſe,
And obſerve Night's shadowy veil
O'er ſurrounding objects ſteal;
While afar Mont Blanc diſplays
On his top the lingering rays,
And awhile th' eternal ſnows
Counterfeit the blushing roſe;
Soon the lovely tints decay,
By degrees they fade away,
Till the fainter gleams are paſt,
And paleſt white remains at laſt.
Long the Tuſcan Summer's heat
Has confin'd my eager feet;

Sculpture's shapes exact and true,
Painting's imitative hue,
Poetry's creative power,
Here have fill'd each muſing hour;
Sated now with works of Art,
All her wonted joys depart;
Nature's wide exhauſtleſs ſtore
Now ſhall charm her votary more.
Lo! a milder ray appears,
It's head th' autumnal crocus rears,
Contemplation, maid divine!
Mount with me the Appennine.
FLORENCE now I leave behind,
Thro' the length'ning valley wind,
There but fruitleſs is my toil,
Little yields th' ungrateful ſoil,
Save the cluſt'ring grapes that ſhine
Depending from th' empurpled vine.
Now the mountain's foot I gain,
And to the Convent riſe with pain;
* VALLOMBROSA, ſacred ſhade!
For Peace and meek Devotion made:

(*) *A Convent of Benedictines ſituated in the Appenines, about eighteen miles from Florence, and three from the ſummit of Secchieta, it was founded in the year* 1015 *by Giovanni Gualberto a nobleman of Florence, whoſe Brother Hugo having been kill'd by a relation, he was*

Safe from pangs the worldling knows,
Here ſecure in calm repoſe,
Far from life's perplexing maze,
The pious Fathers paſs their days;
And the bell's ſhrill-tinkling ſound
Regulates their conſtant round.
They rouſe with hymns the morning ray,
Veſpers chant at cloſe of day,
While the Organ ſtrong and clear
Joins to charm th' attentive ear:
Oft return their hours of pray'r,
E'en at time of ſober fare
Some inſtructive page is read,
And mind and body both are fed:

train'd to arms to revenge his death; but meeting the aſſaſſin alone, the latter threw himſelf on his knees, and made the ſign of the croſs, which ſo much affected the piety of Gualberto, that his anger was overcome, and he forgave him: then going into a church to perform his devotions, a miraculous animation of the crucifix, before which he knelt, determin'd him to embrace the monaſtic life. Theſe particulars, and the ſtory of the apoſtate ſaid to be thrown from a rock by the devil, whoſe death is commemorated by an inſcription on the ſpot where it happen'd, are taken from the life of S^t^ Giovanni Gualberto, preſented to the author by the head of the Convent.

Oft they trace th' hiſtoric pen,
And legends old of ſainted men,
Liſten oft to Holy Writ,
Studies which their ſtate befit.
  Here the Traveller elate
Finds an ever-open gate,
Glad they all his wants ſupply,
And welcome beams from every eye.
Chief I love to wander wide
With a ſerious monk my guide,
Who, while each ſcene he proud diſplays,
Repeats the pious Founder's praiſe;
GUALBERTO, who in youthful prime
Forſook Ambition's march ſublime,
Neighing ſteeds, and feats of Arms,
Tournaments, and Beauty's charms,
And left the shield and nodding creſt,
To be in garb monaſtic dreſt:
How Religion's mild controul
Banish'd vengeance from his ſoul,
When his ſword, in anger rais'd,
For a ſlaughter'd Brother blaz'd;
How his breaſt, with fury ſteel'd,
While the proſtrate victim kneel'd,
At the Croſs's pow'rful ſign
Relenting own'd the ſpark divine,
Learn'd like his Saviour to forgive,
And bade th' appall'd aſſaſſin live;

Then his raging paſſions ceaſe,
Calm'd in the ſtill abode of Peace.
Next the Monk, with ſhuddering thought,
Points the ſtone by Sculpture wrought,
Whoſe characters tremendous tell
Where the vile Apoſtate fell,
Whom, ſighing to regain the world,
The Fiend of darkneſs downward hurl'd.
Such dangers, he obſerves, await
The wretch who dares to violate
The ſolemn vows he once hath giv'n
At the awful ſhrine of Heav'n,
Thus he ſhows the fearful ſcene,
And, each ſage remark between,
Wild * VICANO, tumbling o'er
The rugged rocks, is heard to roar.
Then at eve, in vaulted room,
Where the taper gilds the gloom,
Pleas'd I find the ready board
With ſimple dainties fully ſtor'd,
Nor wants to chear the grateful gueſt
Wine from neighb'ring vintage preſt;
While various converſe time beguiles
Of ſin without, and worldly wiles;
Till I ſeek the ſilent bed,
And ſleep's ſoft dews are o'er me shed.

(*) *A Caſcade juſt by the monument before mention'd.*

But with morning let me riſe,
And ſhake the ſlumbers from my eyes,
Upſpringing then my courſe I bend,
And SECCHIETA's ſteep aſcend,
Whoſe brow afar diſtinguish'd ſhines,
The glory of the Appenines;
Firſt is it's mid-way height array'd
In ſpreading cheſnut's checquer'd ſhade;
Which by the darker fir is edg'd,
In even phalanx cloſely wedg'd;
Above the beechen grove is ſeen,
With white arms ſhining thro the green:
So on the Roman Pontiff's head
A triple crown is proudly ſpread.
How I feel my boſom glow
Leaving gloomy thoughts below,
While, with every ſtep, I riſe
Nearer to my native skies!
As I climb, the mountain's height
Sometimes hides the Orb of light,
In an inſtant then his rays
O'erwhelm me with the golden blaze;
So in Error's paths we wind,
So Truth oft flashes on the mind:
Mark upon the groves around
Mix'd with gloom the beams are found,
Not in gradual tints diſplay'd,
But ſtrong the line twixt light and shade;

Such the ſudden ſtep below
From higheſt joy to deepeſt woe.
† As I trace, with mind ſerene,
The beauties of this rural ſcene,
Varied views of wood and lawn,
By Nature's pencil only drawn;
While the winding copſe retires
Where a gentle ſwell aſpires,
And skirts it modeſtly around
As if Art preſcrib'd it's bound;
BRITAIN ſeems to meet my view
Seat of taſte and judgement true,
In whoſe delightful land alone
Art is Nature's handmaid known!
Now the ſteep aſcent is paſt,
And the brow is gain'd at laſt,
Let me now the hours improve,
And o'er great Nature's terrace rove;
Not a ſound invades my ear,
Save the sheep-bell tinkling near;
Or the rude and diſtant call
Echoing thro the foreſt tall;
Or if chance my roving feet
The shepherd of the mountain meet,

(†) *The mixture of beech wood and open lawn on the Secchieta forms a perfect model of an English park.*

In converſe with the ruſtic ſwain,
* Surpriz'd I hear ſo pure a ſtrain.
Oft the humble hind I ſee
At ſcatter'd croſſes bend the knee,
Preſs their feet with pious kiſs
Earneſt thought of future bliſs.
Or if the mournful ſpot he reach,
Where an iſolated beech
By the light'ning blaſted lies,
Stop and fix his wiſtful eyes.
Oft I ſit me down and drink
At the ſpring's inviting brink,
Which is clad in brighter green,
And shadowy thickets near are ſeen,
While ſcorch'd by the too fervid rays
The thirsty lawn it's turf diſplays;
So from Helicon's ſweet ſource
Reviving waters take their courſe,
And bid with joy the Poet glow
Mid circling ſcenes of human woe.
But chief my raptur'd gaze I throw
On th' extended view below;
Arno, many a Poet's theme,
Now appears a trifling ſtream,

(*) *It is very remarkable that the peaſants of the Appenines ſpeak a much purer dialect than the ruſtic inhabitants of the plains.*

While my curious ſight I ſtrain
To find its diſtant ſource in vain,
Thro the vale I ſee it wind,
Till 'tis loſt the hills behind;
Such the diſappointment ſprings
When we ſeek the cauſe of things.
Yet, tho now on Arno's ſide
Villas riſe in glittering pride,
* Methinks the tracts around diſplay
How impetuous Ocean's ſway
Once with waſteful fury ſpread
The wild waves o'er each mountain's head;
Thus where'er our footſteps range
Still appear the marks of change.
On yonder brow the ſmoke aſcends,
With air in circling columns blends;
Tis the peaſant's prudent toil
Burns the turf t' enrich the ſoil;

(*) *The ſtriking difference between the appearance of the Appenines and the Alps, is that the ſummits of the former are all rounded, as aquatic mountains generally are; and the moſt loſty of the latter univerſally terminate in points of granite, devoid either of horizontal ſtrata or petrifactions; from whence it is evident that they are aboriginal, and have never been cover'd by the Ocean.*

As the clods, improv'd by fire,
New vegetative force acquire,
Man from Death's great change shall find
Pow'rs yet unknown exalt his mind.
Here the blue Tyrrhenian lies,
There lofty ſummits meet the skies;
Within the vaſt horizon's bound
* Etruria ſpreads, of old renown'd,
Where the Roman youth were brought,
And myſtic rites and augurs taught,
By which weak man's vain hopes elate
Would pry into the womb of fate;
There too the Arts, with dawning ray,
Gave earneſt of a brighter day,
Till her's, and every neigh'bring name
Sunk amid the Roman fame;
So mighty rivers ſeek the deep,
And there at length forgotten sleep.
Now Memory bids her pow'rs renew,
As each fam'd ſcene attracts my view,

(*) *Almoſt all Tuſcany, which is the ancient Etruria may be ſeen from the top of Secchieta; it appears that even to the time of Cicero, Etruria was conſider'd as the great ſource of the Arts of Divination — Si te ratio quædam Hetruſcæ diſciplinæ, quam a Patre nobiliſſimo atque optimo viro acceperas, non feſellit. Cicero ad Familiar: Lib. 6. Ep. 6.*

Events of many a later age,
That fill the fair recording page;
Yonder the Punic Victor ſtood,
When Thraſymen' was ſtain'd with blood:
* Here Cataline's impatient mind
With life his daring hopes reſign'd:
There, from humbled Gaul return'd,
Cæſar's vaſt ambition burn'd,
And early plann'd th' impending doom
Of luxury-corrupted Rome;
But ſhort is Man's ſucceſsful pride,
For Brutus ſtabb'd, and Cæſar died.
† O PISA, founded by the hands
Of fam'd Alpheus' Grecian bands,
What now avails the lofty boaſt
To ſoothe thy lone deſerted coaſt!

(*) *Cataline was defeated and kill'd by Caius Antonius in the plains of Piſtoia. See Salluſt: Bell: Cat:—Julius Cæſar during his Gallic wars fix'd his quarters one winter at Lucca, which was under his government. Cæſar Craſſum Pompeiumque in urbem provinciæ ſuæ Lucam extractos compulit, &c. Svetonius in Cæſ.*

(†) *We have Virgil's authority for Piſa having been a Greek Colony*, Æneid. lib. 10. verſ. 179.

Hos parere jubent Alpheæ ab origine Piſæ
Urbs Etruſca ſolo.

That city is now in a very languiſhing ſtate.

Laſt my eye delighted roams
O'er proud FLORENTIA's marble domes,
§ Tho the Goth, with fury wild,
Much her lovely ſeats deſpoil'd;
Tho domeſtic faction more
Since her ſuffering boſom tore,
How did COSMO's gen'rous race
Bid revive each fainting grace!
Yet alas! Reflection ſage,
As she turns th' hiſtoric page,
Muſt ſigh to think what furies dar'd
Invade the breaſts which Science shar'd,
Fierce Revenge, and haughty Pride
* Foul Inceſt, and fell Fratricide!

(§) *Florence was once deſtroy'd by Totila king of the Goths, afterwards it ſuffer'd much by the conteſts between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and other internal commotions; till it found tranquillity and ſplendor under the adminiſtration of the houſe of Medici.*

(*) *An inceſtuous commerce between Coſmo the firſt Great Duke of Tuſcany, and his Daughter Iſabella was accidentally diſcover'd by Georgio Vaſari, a painter employ'd in the palace, in conſequence of which, Iſabella was afterwards ſtrangled by order of her husband the Duke of Bracciano — John, ſon of Coſmo, was created a Cardinal by Pope Pius the fourth at the early age of ſeven-*

While Pity's mournful tears are paid
To the youthful Prelate's shade,
And murder'd Bianca's fatal charms
Clasp'd in her dying conſort's arms.
  Tir'd at length no more I ſtray,
But throw me on the graſs-grown way,
While the branchy shade is ſpread
Kindly o'er my shelter'd head,
While the sky-lark warbles high
His wild aerial minſtrelsy,
And e'en the flies that buzz around
Lull me with a ſoothing ſound;
What tranſports in my boſom riſe!
Conſcious joy empearls my eyes,
As ſoft reflection's pleaſing pow'r
Traces many a rapt'rous hour,
Since the ardent love of change
Thro' various climates bade me range;
For ſtill fresh objects charm my mind,
Lavish Nature, Art refin'd,
Or countleſs manners ever new,
While thro' each maze I Man purſue.

teen, and murder'd in hunting by his next Brother Garcias, who was ſtabb'd for it by his father. Bianca Capello was a beautiful Venetian Lady married by Francis who ſucceeded Coſmo, and she and her husband were both poiſon'd at Poggio a Caiano by Ferdinand brother of Francis.

What tho thoſe I left behind
Wooing Fortune's fickle wind,
If perchance their ends they gain,
View the wand'rer with diſdain:
In the chains of habit bound
Let them tread th'unvaried round;
Let Ambition court the rays
That dart from Pow'r's meridian blaze;
Av'rice count his treaſures o'er,
And ſwell amid th' increaſing ſtore;
The Muſe on my lone path ſhall shine,
And Contemplation's wealth be mine!

AGL' AUTORI
DELLA MISCELLANEA
DI FIORENZA
CANZONE
DEL DOTTORE
LORENZO PIGNOTTI

QUal per l' Etruſco cielo
Nuova armonia di Pindo oggi riſuona?
Di muſcoſa corona
Cinto la fronte dal ſoggiorno ondoſo
Sorge maravigliando
L' umido Figlio d' Appenin nevoſo,
Che a Flora bagna ſerpeggiando il ſeno
E pargli udir ſopra la ſua pendice
L' alto Cantor di Laura, o quel di Bice.
Da voi canori figli
Del poſſente Albione eſce il ſublime
Canto, l' angliche rime
Per voi l' aure Toſcane, e i nuovi modi
Imparano a ſuonare, e la novella
Pregna d' alti penſieri
In foggie avvolta ed abiti ſtranieri

Robuſta melodìa ſembra più bella,
Qual talor di gentile eſtranio frutto
Il ſapor peregrino al non uſato
Guſto la novità rende più grato.
L' alme Caſtalie Dive
Poichè i vocali colli e le foreſte
Mute laſciaro e meſte,
A cui fa l'alto Egeo ſpecchio coll' onde,
Poichè con voce sì canora e viva
Del Tebro ſulle ſponde
Cantar d' Anchiſe il Figlio e della Diva:
Poichè riſorte ſotto il Toſco Cielo
Cento e cento animar Cigni canori,
Che in tuono or forte or grave,
Or tenero e ſoave
Ninfe ed Eroi cantaro armi ed amori,
Alfin ſciolſero il volo,
Anglia, ſopra del tuo beato ſuolo.
Ivi con ſerio ma ſereno volto
In nobil maeſtade
Delle leggi cuſtode allor ſedea
L' auguſta Libertade,
E col piè d' adamente ella premea
E troni roveſciati e ſcettri infranti;
Al ſacro aſpetto avanti
L'Aonio coro inuſitata forza
Senti creſcerſi, e mille
Deſtarſi entro del ſen ſacre faville.

Il Nume allor di nuove fila aurate,
Fila ſcelte e temprate
Sulla tebana incude, armò la cetra:
Indi ſevero il volto
Delle liriche note alla Reina
Gravemente rivolto;
Prendi le diſſe, e fa che delle corde
Al maeſtoſo e nobile concento
Subietto alto s' accorde:
Prendi diſſe a Calliope ecco la tromba,
Odi qual ne rimbomba
Suono più che mortale? imita queſto
Il tenor delle ſfere armonioſe,
Onde ſuonin per lui celeſti coſe.
Poi del coltel ferale
Quella ch' à tutte in man de' cor le chiavi
Tinta le guancie di pallor mortale
Armò gridando: ad ammollir non ſcenda
I figli miei con languide querele
Sopra l' Anglico ſuol tenero amore:
Ma con ſublime orrore
Lo ſpettacol più grande apri alla ſcena,
Spettacol degno ancor del cielo iſteſſo,
La Virtù che ſerena
Combatte fra i perigli: animi invitti,
Che difendan col ſangue
Della lor Patria i moribondi dritti,
E alla di cui magnanima caduta

Per cui d'invidia e non di duol ſon degni,
Treman gl'ingiuſti Rè, crollano i regni.
Queſto fin dal natìo lido remoto
Nume poſſente, o Vati oggi v'iſpira,
Egli è ch'ancor fra noi v'agita, e in moto
Le corde pone alla britanna lira:
Non già la Muſa mia † ch'egra ed inferma
Non oſa in ampio mar ſcioglier le vele,
Ma timida del mar del vento infido
Con piccol legno va radendo il lido.
Forſe al ſuono Dirceo v'anima e deſta
Quel Grande, che cantò della vietata
Arbor ſacra e funeſta,
Ne diſdegnò talor veſtir di grata *
Italica armonìa penſier britanni:
Rammenta ancora il ſuo vocale ſpirto
Là, dove preſſo d'un Eliſio mirto
Siede a Torquato, e al Ferrareſe accanto,
Che a Febo piacque ſotto il noſtro Cielo
Spirargli il tema del ſuo nobil canto §

(†) *Si allude al gentil complimento fatto all' Autore alla pag.* 8.

(*) *Milton autore del Paradiſo perduto à ſcritto de' verſi italiani.*

(§) *Queſto illuſtre Epico Ingleſe eſſendo in Italia, vide in Milano una rappreſentanza Teatrale in cui Adamo,*

Quì ancor la cetra d'or temprò ſovente
Quei che il fatale ſcempio †
Del Poetico ſtuol, ſtuolo innocente
Vendicò ſopra l' empio
D' un Tiranno oppreſſor capo eſecrando,
E fè che al ſuono de' temuti carmi
Di ſatelliti e d' armi
Cinto il barbaro Re ſtaſſe tremando:
Indi invocò la formidabil voce
De' ſecoli futuri, e l' empie trame
Dal loro grembo, e ogni delitto atroce
Traſſe, e il gaſtigo della ſtirpe infame:
Vendetta illuſtre che de i Re tiranni
L' obbrobrio e il diſonor conſegna agl' anni.
Cinti dell' immortal ſacrata fronda
I due canori Spirti
Dell' Arno ſulla ſponda
Tornan ſovente, ed ove il capo eſtolle
Coronato di ville e di verzura
Il Fieſolano Colle *

Eva, il Diavolo, il Serpente ec. erano gl' interlocutori; e da queſta ſtrana opera concepì la prima idea del ſuo gran poema.

(†) *Gray ſublime Lirico Ingleſe: ſi allude quì alla famoſa Canzone detta* la ruina de' Bardi.

(*) *Queſti due Illuſtri poeti Ingleſi ſi ſon trattenuti molto in Firenze, e parlano ne' loro verſi qualche volta*

Volano ſpeſſo, e per la notte oſcura
L'occhiuta Fantasìa, che aſcolta e mira
Ciò che al volgo s'aſconde, ove la bruna
Ombra de' rami annoſi è rotta appena
Dal fioco raggio dell'incerta luna,
Gl'aſcolta e mira entro il ſilenzio amico
Modular ſulla cetra il canto antico.
Dunque le fila argute
D'Anglico plettro con maeſtra mano
Scorrete o Vati, e mute
Non ſi ſtaranno ſopra il ſuol toſcano
L'Aonie corde e al voſtro
Riſponderanno armonico concento
Che quì non è l'antico genio ſpento.
Meco volgete il piede
La, dove grata ancora

della Collina Fieſolana, di cui era sì incantato Gray
che nel partire fece i ſeguenti verſi

.... Oh Faeſulae amena
Frigoribus juga nec nimium ſpirantibus auris,
Alma quibus Pallas tuſci decus Apennini
Eſſe dedit, glaucaque ſua caneſcere ſilva!
Non ego vos poſthac Arni de valle videbo
Porticibus circum & candenti cincta corona
Villarum longe nitido conſurgere dorſo,
Antiquamve aedem & veteres praeferre cupreſſus
Mirabor, tectiſque ſuper, pendentia tecta.

Sulla funerea ſede
Staſſi la Scienza, e adora
Del gran Lorenzo la memoria illuſtre:
Riverenti inchinate
Le ſacre oſſa onorate,
E di Britanni fior verdi ghirlande
Alla tomba appendete:
Vedete là, vedete
Qual dalla tomba eſca divina luce?
Luce, che acceſa quì ne' dì migliori
Per tutta poi l' Europa ſi diffuſe
La Notte a diſcacciar de' vecchi errori,
E il più chiaro diſchiuſe
Aureo giorno ſereno all' arti belle:
Ond' è che ſpeſſo intorno
Al funebre ſoggiorno
Di Toſchi gigli inghirlandate il crine
Sciolgon danze divine:
Oggi a i figli d' Etruria
Non ſon men care, e quel celeſte lume,
Come un giorno rifulſe ancor riſplende,
E il ſacro ardor nei toſchi petti accende.
Ma io non più ſopra l' Aonie rupi
Omai dagl' anni e dalle cure ſtanco
Traggo l' infermo fianco,
Le liete idee fuggono appoco appoco,
E l' Apollineo foco
Spegnerſi ſento già nel freddo ſangue,

E qual da gielo intempeſtivo ucciſa
Pianta anzi tempo langue,
Nè più di Primavera al dolce invito
Diſpiega il crin fiorito,
Tal io ſtupido e lento
Reſto all' invito di sì alti carmi:
E ſe talor lo ſpento
Fuoco a ſtimoli voſtri ſi ravviva,
Getta un fugace pallido ſplendore,
Che appena nato muore:
Qual ceppo arſiccio cui cenere involve,
Benchè quaſſato e ſcoſſo,
E dal ſoffio percoſſo
Dell' aura in fiamma più non ſi riſolve,
E getta a ſtento dalle negre ed arſe
Viſcere ſol brevi faville, e ſcarſe.
A gareggiar con voi nel dotto arringo
Uopo ſarebber le robuſte penne
Dell' Aquila Tebana, o il vol divino
Del Cigno Venuſino,
Voi ſeguiran con piè più franco e preſto
Cento Italici vati, io ſpettatore
Del bel contraſto a piè del monte reſto,
Il rauco plettro al biondo nume rendo,
E a un ramo di Cipreſſo alfin l' appendo.

IL VIAGGIO

HEnce liſtleſs occupation
Of dull domeſtic cares, and mummery,
The fretful infant's cry,
The chiding dame, and goſſip's exultation,
The drunkard's brutal joy,
The yawning fire-ſide circle's muſty tale,
And pipes, and humming ale,
The pamper'd juſtice, and the parſon's proſe,
Dull ſcenes that Britain knows!
Which waſte the ſum of life, and daily bliſs deſtroy,
But come fair Travel! whom of yore,
Variety the wood-nymph bore,
For once as she was roving free,
Wisdom with unwonted glee,
Woo'd her mid the vallies bright,
Woo'd her on the mountain's height,
By the ſtream, and in the grove,
Pour'd the winning voice of love:
At length beneath a ſpreading tree,
Fill'd the blushing maid with thee,
Haſte O Travel! hither come,
Thro other countries let me roam,

Haſte to Paris, City proud!
Gaze upon the chequer'd croud,
Mark the ever-varying dreſs,
Painted vanity's exceſs!
Or liſten with abhorrent ear,
To noisy harmony ſevere,
Where never yet attention found,
The luxury of thrilling ſound.
But there the many-meaſur'd dance,
Shall my wond'ring ſoul entrance,
Grace, and beauty, mingled move
In every wanton fold of love,
Soft they twine in blushing pleaſure,
Heave the boſom's panting treaſure;
Circling arms of lovelieſt white,
And melting glances charm the ſight;
Or ſpringing feet, with agile bound,
Glitter in the mazy round.
Now I join the ſons of faſhion,
Void of ſentiment, and paſſion,
Learn in modish guiſe to ſit,
And make dull nonſenſe paſs for wit,
Characteriſe each ſort of face,
Run diviſions upon grace,
The wanton's leer, the prude's diſguiſe
And all the myſtery of eyes.
Next I ſeek the hardy band
Of Mountaineers, in Switzerland,

Where the sheety lakes diſplay,
Their glaſsy mirrours to the day,
While diſtant ſummits meet my view,
Cloath'd in robes of whiteſt hue.
Wander o'er the pine-capt hill,
Or at fountains drink my fill,
Tracing ev'ry landſcape fair,
That tow'ring Nature pencils there.
Or I join the ſocial train,
Who vice and ſenſual bliſs diſdain;
Obſerve the maiden's blush aſpire,
While the Matron checks the fire,
Jocund paſs the hours away
In innocence, and converſe gay,
Hoſpitable, free, and kind,
The Swiſs poſſeſs a gen'rous mind.
Now again the ſcene to change,
Thro' the wilds of Savoy range,
Where many a barren rock appears,
To ſadly pour the gushing tears,
That fall upon the vale below,
And ſteal along in murm'ring woe.
Next approach with vagrant feet,
The holy * Chartreuſe lone retreat,

(*) *La Grande Chartreuſe, is the principal convent of the Carthuſian order, ſituated between Grenoble and Chamberry.*

Dirges deep, and fervent prayer,
Solitude, and hope are there.
Gaze upon the foreſts round,
That echo to the torrent's ſound,
Then beneath ſome shade reclin'd,
Scorn the world that's left behind.
How vain is human pride I cry,
Gilded care and miſery.
Soon Mount-Cenis' top I ſcale,
See below proud Piedmont's vale,
As the wakening Morn diſcloſes,
† Locks of gold and front of roſes.
Nature ſeems to breathe anew,
Seems to weep with amb'ry dew,
For thoſe who force th' ungrateful ſoil,
Wretched race of daily toil!
Yet all the riſing pangs they know,
From penury and labour flow;
Deeper griefs, and ſadder pain,
Rend the mad ambitious train;
Mid the tow'red cities fair,
Rage, and Jealousy, and Care;
* Fraud, bedight with mantle pure,
Pious voice, and look demure,

(†) *Con la fronte di roſe, e con crin d' oro.*
Petrarcha

(*) *Havea piacevol viſo, habito oneſto,*

While his folding skirts between
Lurks a dagger bare, and keen,
And Av'rice rolls a cautious eye,
His treaſures viewing with a ſigh.
Alas! I mourn the madding crew,
Who heart-felt tranſports never knew,
Whoſe boſoms never yet could prove,
The rapture of the ſilent grove,
The ſoft complaining of the rill,
The flow'ry lawn, and breezy hill,
But waſte away a ſlavish life,
In falshood, flattery, and ſtrife.
Next I mount the Appenines,
Or ſtray where yellow Tiber shines,
Reflecting many a moulder'd fane,
As he bathes his wide domain,
Or behold the weſtern deep,
In the arms of Naples sleep.

Un' umil volger d' occhi, un andar grave,
Un parlar sì benigno, e sì modeſto,
Che parea Gabriel, che diceſſe: Ave.
Era brutta, e deforme in tutto il reſto:
Ma naſcondea queſte fattezze prave
Con lungo habito, e largo, e ſotto quello,
Attoſſicato havea ſempre il coltello.

Orlando Furioſo Canto 14° Stanza 87.

Ever midſt Italian plains,
Peace, and wanton pleaſure reigns,
But chief when Carnival appears,
And his painted ſtandard rears,
Quaint diſguiſe, and myſtery,
Motley mirth, and liberty,
Bid the laughing moments glide,
From affectation free, and pride,
While dance, and muſick, both combine,
And blushing love with look divine.
Or from frolick ſcenes I haſte
To the nobler joys of taſte
Where the proudeſt works of art,
Firm perfection's pow'r impart;
Where the Grecian Venus bends,
And from th' obſerver's eye defends
With cov'ring hands her naked charms,
And doubly by retiring warms.
Or within the Vatican,
View the finish'd form of Man,
Apollo in young beauty bright,
Rushing on th' enraptured ſight.
See all that painting can beſtow,
The compoſition, and the glow,
Learn to eſtimate by rules,
The excellence of diff'rent ſchools,
And with judging eye compare,
Titian's touch, and Guido's air.

Or at old Pompeia trace,
The private manners of the place,
And obſerve each dread remain
That calls paſt ages back again,
And catch the moment of pale death,
That ſudden ſtop'd the gen'ral breath.
When Italia's pleaſures fail,
Let me ſeek the northern gale,
Where the Danube's waters flee
For refuge to the Euxine ſea.
Or feel the frozen tempeſt bite,
With the barb'rous Muſcovite:
So ſhall my glowing heart expand,
As I tread each diſtant land,
And obſervation's piercing ray,
Brighten ev'ry coming day,
Such the joys that trav'lers prove,
Ever, ever, let me rove.

LA DIMORA

HEnce reſtleſs diſſipation,
Of busy Travel, and ſtill changeful time!
Ills of each varied clime,
Dull sleeple ſs nights, and hardship, and vexation!
The want of friendship's ſmiles,
And dread of ſickneſs in a foreign land,
The frequent murth'rous band
That haunt the lonely paſs mid foreſts drear,
The welcome inſincere,
The ſolitary meal, and flatt'ring ſtranger's wiles.
But come Retirement to my arms
In meek ſimplicity of charms!
With cloſe-wrapt robe of plaineſt dye,
And breaſt untroubled by a ſigh,
Thee, blue-ey'd Peace in days of yore
To wrinkled, rough Experience, bore:
For once beneath her olive shade,
He fondly preſs'd the yielding maid,
Thy birth his ſecret tranſports prov'd,
Child of his age and beſt belov'd!
O bear me quick to Albion's isle
And cheer me with thy placid ſmile.
There let me oft at dewy dawn,
Compos'dly tread the ruſſet lawn,

As my tranquil cot I ſee,
Emboſom'd deep in many a tree;
Near it glides a winding ſpring,
Where the gray duck wets her wing,
And matron hen with infant brood,
Clucks beſide the ſhallow flood:
Or when lily-boſom'd May,
Trips along in youthful play,
With my rod, and mimic fly,
To lure the ſpeckled trout I try,
That lurks beneath the ſandy bank,
With ſedge o'er-grown, and rushes dank,
Tempted by the faithleſs ſnare,
He leaps, and meets deſtruction there:
So alas! in life we find,
Artful tricks to catch mankind,
So we view the gilded bait,
And rush upon ſevereſt fate.
Varied bliſs each ſeaſon yields,
One while, wand'ring o'er the fields,
I ſee blithe groups collect the hay,
And shake it in the burning ray,
While the cattle in the brook,
Lash their tails with penſive look,
And mid the limpid waves aſſuage
The ſultry Summer's ſcorching rage,
Or when Harveſt-time is paſt,
And the barns are fill'd at laſt,

With my Gun at peep of day,
To fallow lands I take my way,
There my pointer ſoon deſcries,
The num'rous covey ere it flies.
As it mounts I take my aim,
And pleas'd behold the falling game.
Or I bring my greyhounds where
Nimbly ſtarts the ſcudding hare,
That o'er the wide-extended down,
Glides a fleeting ſpot of brown.
When on early breezes borne
From far I hear the winding horn,
That ſweetly pours it's mellow ſong,
Lakes, and groves, and hills among,
I ſaddle ſtrait my neighing ſteed,
And haſten o'er the diſtant mead,
'Till I reach the covert's bound,
Ranſack'd by the ſearching hound,
The red fox shews his sleeky face,
And quits the copſe with rapid pace,
To ſafer ſcenes he fain would fly
Like mortals in adverſity.
Still the deep-mouth'd eager foes,
Scent the track where'er he goes,
Unwiſting every treach'rous maze,
That his cunning skill betrays.
Then my haſty flight I guide,
O'er the mountain's shelvy ſide,

Leave the dang'rous fence behind,
Thro many a wood and valley wind,
And never quit the pleaſing toil,
Till I view the dying ſpoil.
  Oft with careleſs ſtep I ſtray,
Where unzon'd Nature courts the day,
And the tow'ring foreſt view,
Deck'd with tints of varied hue,
Or liſten to the mingled noiſe,
Of lowing herds, and playful boys,
Where ſeem yon hamlets to retire,
And peeps the narrow-pointed ſpire.
Now I throw my roving eye,
O'er plashy ſtreams, and mountains high,
View the sheep-boy tend his flocks,
And wild goats browze the giddy rocks,
The careful Driver's long-drawn team,
Lather'd by the noon-tide beam,
Or hear the ruddy maidens ſing,
As their gather'd loads they bring.
Then I go with curious eyes,
Where my lov'd plantations riſe,
The grafted ſcion to behold,
And young leaves pierce th' obſtructive mould;
There the virgin lily blows,
The ſtreak'd carnation, moſs-clad roſe,
And every flower that opens fair,
Scatt'ring odours thro' the air,

And every ſhrub whoſe head I rear'd,
Whoſe ſtock with daily drops I cheer'd,
Shall purer happineſs beſtow,
Than pow'r, andwild ambition know.
When the day's amuſements end,
Home my vagrant courſe I bend,
And my ſlow-returning feet,
The faithful Spaniel comes to greet,
With his joy-denoting bound,
Friſking light in frolick round.
Then beſide the table plac'd
In rural plenty richly grac'd,
I ſit with her, whoſe tender ſmile,
And ſweet diſcourſe, the hours beguile:
While around, my children gay
In many a ſportive circle play.
Then ſome heart-dear friend appears,
Companion of my early years,
Who oft reminds me, how at ſchool,
Conſtraint we ſcorn'd, and laugh'd at rule,
Or when the daily task was o'er,
Forth we rushed with rapt'rous roar,
To ſtrike the ball, or climb the tree,
Seaſon of ſweet extacy!
College pranks recalls to view,
Long-paſt pleaſures to renew,
Tells how, lover-like, my pain
I utter'd on the midnight plain,

Nor more the ready ſcheme enjoy'd,
While fonder cares my mind employ'd,
But ſadly mourn'd the tyrant pride
Of her, who blushing ſits beſide;
Entranc'd I mark her conſcious ſigh,
And the blue languish of her eye.
Thus the happy Evening goes,
'Till the hour of due repoſe.
But when wintry tempeſts rage,
Retir'd I read th' hiſtoric page,
Or with fancied harp I rove,
In the wild Parnaſſian grove.
Sweet Poetry! thy pow'r alone,
Can check awhile each bitter groan,
When thou point'st to Milton's page,
Or Shakeſpeare's ſtill ſublimer rage,
And all the heaven-deſcended crew,
Who bath'd their locks with glitt'ring dew,
And wove the myrtle garland fair,
That proudly ſtill thou lov'ſt to wear.
Thus my ſettled life thall flow,
Free from buſtle, care, and woe,
Such the tranquil joys of home,
Never, never, will I roam.

LA PARTENZA

THe Book's imperfect you declare,
And Piozzi has not given her share;
What's to be done? ſome wits in vogue
Would quickly find an Epilogue,
Compos'd of whim and mirth and ſatire,
Without one drop of true good nature:
But truſt me, 'tis corrupted taſte
To make ſo merry with the *laſt*,
When in that fatal word we find
Each foe to gayety combin'd;
Since parting then on Arno's ſhore,
We part perhaps to meet no more;
Thou firſt! to ſoothe whoſe feeling heart
The Muſe beſtow'd her lenient art,
Accept her counſel, quit this coaſt,
With only one ſhort luſtrum loſt,
Nor longer let the tuneful ſtrain
On foreign ears be pour'd in vain;
The wreaths which on thy brow ſhould live,
Britannia's hand alone can give.
Meanwhile for Bertie Fate prepares
A mingled wreath of joys and cares,

When politicks and party rage
Shall ſtrive ſuch talents to engage,
And call him to controul the great,
And fix the nicely-balanc'd ſtate:
Till charming ANNA's gentler mind
For ſtorms of faction ne'er deſign'd;
Shall think with pleaſure on the times
When Arno liſten'd to his rhymes;
And reckon among Heaven's beſt mercies,
Our PIOZZI's voice and PARSONS' verſes.
Thou too, who oft haſt ſtrung the lyre
To livelieſt notes of gay deſire,
No longer ſeek theſe ſcorching flames,
Or trifle with Italian Dames,
But haſte to Britain's chaſter Isle
Receive ſome Fair-one's virgin ſmile,
Accept her vows, reward her truth
And guard from ills her artleſs youth:
Keep her from knowledge of the crimes
Which taint the ſweets of warmer climes;
But let her weaker bloom diſcloſe
The blushes of a hot-houſe roſe,
Whoſe leaves no inſects ever haunted,
Whoſe perfume but to one is granted;
Pleas'd with her partner to retire
And cheer the ſafe domeſtick fire;
There Anna's bright example tell,
And let her learn to live as well.

While I, who half amphibious grown
Now ſcarce call any place my own,
Will learn to view with eye ſerene
Life's empty plot and ſhifting ſcene;
And truſting ſtill to Heav'n's high care,
Fix my firm habitation there.
'Twas thus the Grecian ſage of old,
As by Herodotus we're told,
Accus'd by them who ſate above
As wanting in his Country's love;
" 'Tis that," he cried," which moſt I prize "
And pointed upward to the ſkies.

TO THE CRITICKS

YE Criticks of the British nation!
I here invoke you,
Not in madneſs,
Nor to joke you,
But in ſerious ſadneſs,
And pathetic admiration.
For I reſpect you all together,
Birds of a feather!
Or when you ſeparately go,
On mules, in coaches, or calashes,
With upper-lips indignant curl'd
That give a vigour to your flashes.
I know you throughout all the world,
Or by the Danube, or the Po,
Or on the Tiber's ſide,
Or where the Tagus loves to glide,
Or here where Arno makes his bed,
In ſummer time,
Amidst his ſand, and slime,
Ashamed to show his head.
Yes in the Florence Gallery,
I've often heard your raillery,

And keeneſt obſervation,
On every ſtatue under contemplation.
E'en in the * TRIBUNE you will ſay,
Your judgment to diſplay,
The famous wreſtlers have no merit,
And no ſpirit,
The Arrotino, or the whetter,
Is nothing better,
As for the Medicean Venus,
Extreamly bad indeed, and heinous.
Methinks you roll your eyes about,
And fiercely glout,
And ſourly look,
Upon our little book:
Forgive this time,
Our careleſs rhyme,
For we together ſwore,
Never to do ſo any more.
No flatt'ry we need,
But only ask,
By way of task,
Before you laugh, that you would read.
All that I mean t'obſerve is this,
That tho' your criticiſms,
And lively witticiſms,
May not be much amiſs;
Yet if from ſpite,

(*) *See the note of page* 28.

You load with curſes,
Our hapleſs verſes,
We only ſay,
That Gentlemen! we wish you all good day,
And a good night.
We ſcribble, and we print, for private pleaſure,
And at our leiſure,
Juſt as Domitian kill'd the flies,
Or if you pleaſe for our employment
And enjoyment,
As children eat their apple-pies.
Not that we think our lines are worſe than others,
For in bad writing we have many brothers.
We therefore do not make apology,
Nor excuſes,
Nor complimentary tautology,
To ward off abuſes;
But willingly ſubmit to candid ſenſe,
His ſmile our only recompenſe.
As for all common folks who halt
At our proceeding,
And quote their reading,
To find fault;
Whether they beſt may know it, or I,
Tis neceſſary to declare,
That he who cenſures poetry,
Should have himſelf at leaſt ſome share.
As for example you would think,

(And give a wink,)
That wiſeacre to be extreamly quaint,
Who tho born blind,
Should have a mind,
To ſay that * HAMILTON could not paint.
You laugh when deaf-and-dumb men ſneer
At others, who can talk and hear.
Many perhaps may ſay,
Who do not much adore us,
That ours is baby-play,
For Pope, and Dryden, writ before us.
And give it as their creed,
That later bards no man should read.
There's no complaining,
Of ſuch odd ſparks,
I think they 're entertaining,
And comical as larks;
Becauſe † NARDINI plays the fiddle.
Muſt every other man ſit idle?

(*) *M.r Hugh Hamilton of the Kingdom of Ireland, an artiſt of great merit who reſides at Florence, and who is equally excellent in the ſpirit and correctneſs of his deſigns, the perfect harmony of his colouring, and the ſtriking reſemblance of his portraits. His ſuperiour ſtile of painting in Crayons is well known.*

(†) *Signor Pietro Nardini the moſt celebrated performer upon the violin in Italy.*

Such folks are like the Horſe, and Aſs,
Who should refuſe both hay, and graſs,
Becauſe their throats,
Had once been tickled by ſome oats.
I know it may be ſaid,
By thoſe who read the panegyricks,
In our own lyricks,
That all our trumpeters were dead;
But we were cunning Elves,
And as we entertain'd ſome doubt,
Of having much praiſe from without,
We ſtaid within, and praiſed ourſelves.
We liked each other not a little,
And correſponded to a tittle,
Now too with breaking heart,
We all prepare to part,
Whether to Naples, or Sienna,
To Paris, or Vienna,
To Sicily, or Spain:
And I would bet an English penny,
Or a Tuſcan paul *
We never all
Shall meet again,
'Till Death has bound us up together,
With everlaſting leather,
In univerſal Miſcellany.

(*) *A ſilver coin of about the value of an English ſix-pence.*

CONCLUSION

After grave plays pert Epilogue advances,
And after ſober Minuets — Country Dances;
After th' Adagio comes th' Allegro motion,
And ſugar-plumbs ſucceed each bitter potion.
But to our Book what finish shall we give,
But one Evviva! let its Authors live!

Recit.°

SERENATA

Vedasi pag. 35.

All.°

dol.

Treme al'inverno e sopra il Sud Tirreno Stende alla mensa molle il velo ambroso

Quando la dea fiorita il capo amato cinge e la bagna

arno col piede ondoso conscar migliate chiome e nudo seno del idol suo sotto il balcon

ioso un'amante i suoi teneri lamenti accordo sulla lira in questi accenti

Se nel grantio ablidce ob li o onni po sa l'i dol mio Veglin
pur quest'occhi e sicn o sempre aper ti sempre a per ti a la cri mar M'arde ol-
di = o quel bel sem biante l'occhio azzu ro il cri ne au rato e del petto deli
ca to = il so a ve palpitar il so a = ve palpitar il = so a ve palpi
tar - Ma gia chè nel dol ce ob li o onni posa l'i dol mio

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N. B. The last Stanza but one in the Serenade must be left out in the ſinging.

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